

ADOPTION AGENCIES:

**Are they rejecting
the best parents?**

A NATIONAL REPORT

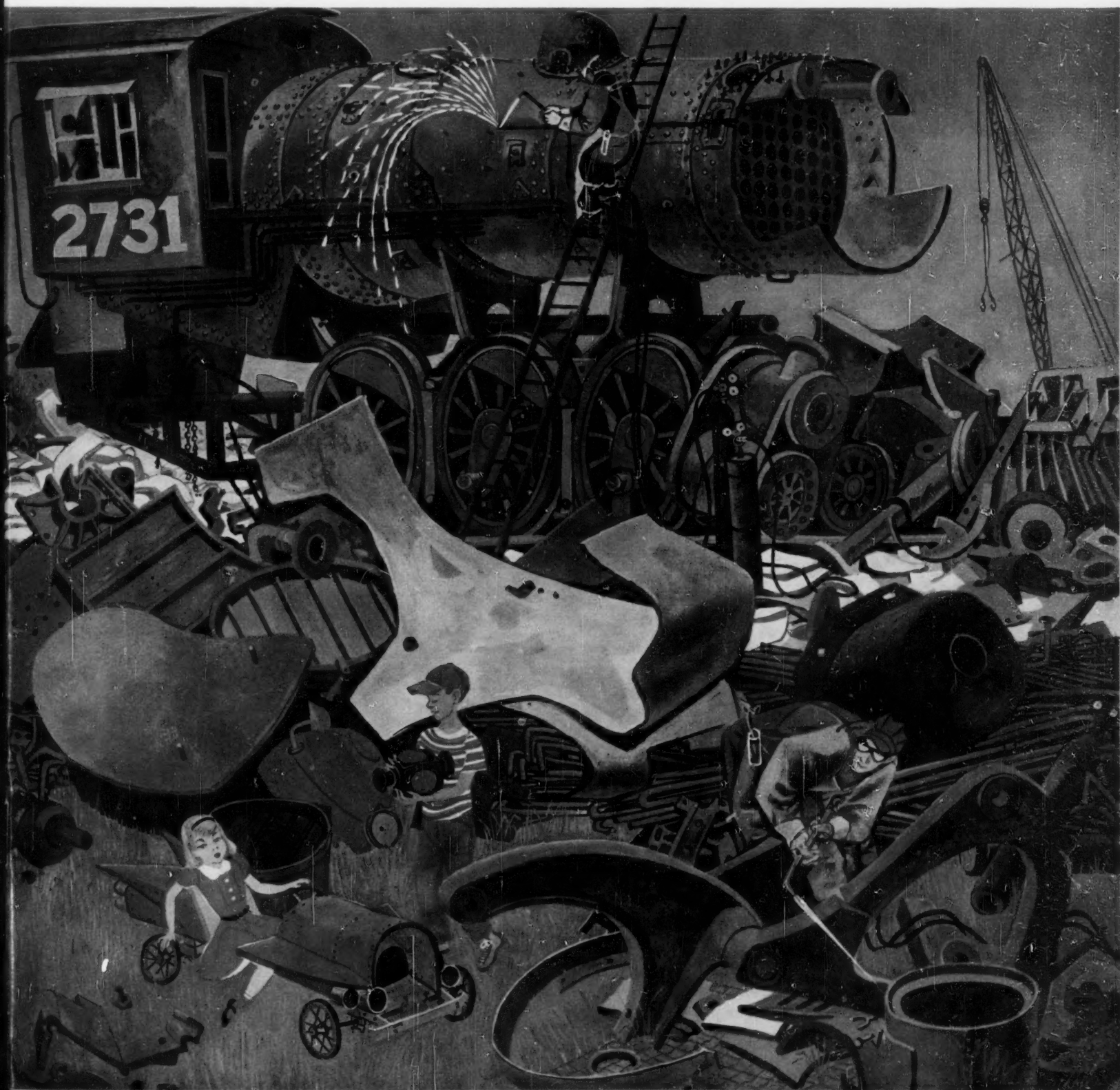
COVER BY ROBERT BRUCE
CNR scrapyards, Transcona, Man.

How millions are made (or lost) in penny stocks

"THE DAY WE WERE TRAPPED BY A FOREST FIRE"

MACLEAN'S

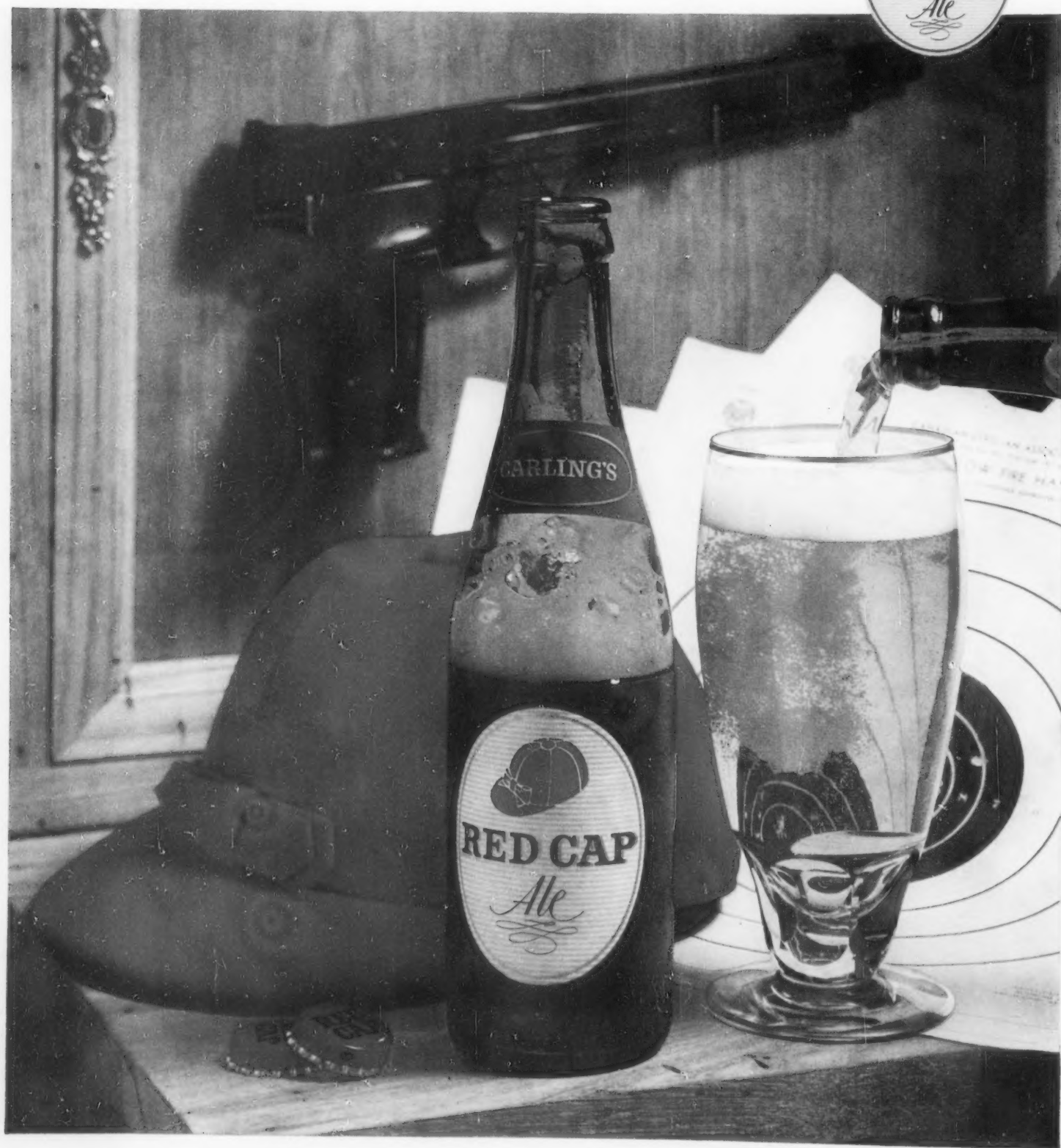
SEPTEMBER 26 1959 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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CARLING'S



MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ The Montrealer who'll be the next Tarzan
- ✓ Used planes — "clean, reliable, years to pay"
- ✓ No more waiting for that McIntosh taste?

THE GOLDEN SEA OF GRAIN across our prairies may someday be a golden sea of sunflowers. They — and other vegetable-oil-producing plants — are proving a profitable substitute crop for surplus-ridden wheat-farmers. Alberta quadrupled (to 20,000 acres) its sunflower crop this summer. It was gobbled up by seed-hungry domestic processing plants — bound for, among a myriad of products, margarine. What's more, a lot of overseas markets that don't want wheat are crying for vegetable oil.



BILLY

NEXT KING OF THE JUNGLE will probably come from Montreal. He's Billy Hill—a 29-year-old health studio proprietor who was Mr. Universe of 1958. Screen-tested at a Laurentian resort this year, Hill is next in line for MGM's Tarzan role. But he'll have to wait a while. Incumbent Tarzan, Californian Denny Miller, has made only one film. That's two under par. Since Elmo Lincoln started vine-swinging in 1918, the eleven Tarzans before Miller made thirty-three films. They've had monosyllabic courtships with nineteen Janes.

"FLOWN ONLY TO CHURCH BY AN OLD LADY" may be the next big slogan in retail marketing. With civilian Canadians flying 4,500 aircraft, a flourishing used-plane business is just getting off the ground. Already there are six used-plane lots in Toronto alone. Most are branches of new-plane dealers but one used-car lot has a '45 Fairchild ("safe, clean") for sale.

THE RAILROADS, which brought early prosperity to the Canadian west, will soon be luring a novel kind of tourist to the prairie. The draw: hundreds of steam locomotives, almost (except for Alaska, Mexico and a few logging camps) the last being run on this continent. Sentimental railroad buffs are expected to pour in this fall and next summer to catch on film and tape the sights and sounds of a dying species.

B. C.'S MIGHTY DOUGLAS FIRS will be mightier than ever if geneticists succeed in a scheme to create a race of "super trees" from the best of the present crop. Dr. Alan Orr-Ewing, of Duncan, B.C., tests the tallest specimens (up to 300 feet) for health, fast growth and lumber quality. From the best he removes tree-top twigs, grafts them to young roots and covers them with plastic bags to speed growth and prevent unwanted pollination. It will take 10 to 15 years to find out if they're "super." If so, their "elite" seed will be used exclusively in reforestation.

IMPATIENT CONNOISSEURS OF APPLES, who drool all summer while they wait for the luscious McIntosh to ripen, will get temporary relief from a new hybrid. Called Tydemans Red, it tastes almost like a McIntosh and matures three weeks earlier. Developed in England, the Tydemans is being tried in B. C. Will the McIntosh business (16 million bushels last year) be hurt? Not on your life. Even the staunchest Tydemans fans start chomping McIntoshes as soon as they're ripe.

IF THE CBC'S MOST OFF-BEAT SHOW, Long Shot, gets kicked off the air this fall it will leave at least one image on the screen: Olga Kwasniak, the 24-year-old interviewer-siren producer Ross McLean found behind a cello at the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Glib, glamorous Olga, daughter of a western Ontario Ukrainian, is already our busiest cellist (with the CBC Symphony, CBC Pops, Showtime, Joan Fairfax show and CNE orchestras as well as the TSO). Now, with a conversational string to her bow, she could well become one of the best-known personalities on Canadian television.



OLGA

BOOKS: FORECASTING THE NEW BESTSELLERS



PEALE

WEST

COSTAIN

CALLAGHAN

METALIOUS

WOUK

WHAT WILL YOU READ this fall and winter? We asked North American publishers to guess which books from their upcoming lists would become best-sellers. Then we passed that list to a cross-section of Canadian literary critics, to predict Canadians' choices.

Most stuck understandably with the authors of earlier blockbusters who will bring out new works. In keeping with a still-growing trend, non-fiction titles were mentioned more often than fiction. Here's how the experts voted.

FICTION: 1, *Tight White Collar* (Messer) by Grace Metalious of Peyton Place fame—a runaway.
2, (tied) *Invitation to a Beheading* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) by Lolita's Vladimir Nabokov; *Memoirs of Hecate County* (Farrar Straus and Cudahy) the reissue, following the trend set by Lady Chatterley's Lover, of a suppressed 1949 novel by famed critic Edmund Wilson.
3, *Morley Callaghan's Stories* (Macmillan of Canada), an anthology.
Honorable Mention: *Poor No More*

(Henry Holt) by Robert Ruark; *Return of Hyman Kaplan* (Harper & Bros.) by Leo Rosten and *Bond Street Story* (Harper & Bros.) by Norman Collins.
NON-FICTION: 1, *The Amazing Results of Positive Thinking* (Prentice-Hall) by Norman Vincent Peale.

2, *This Is My God* (Doubleday) a sort of personal theology by novelist and Orthodox Jew Herman Wouk.
Honorable Mention: *Goodness Had Nothing To Do With It* (Prentice-Hall) the autobiography of Mae West; *Stephen Leacock: Humorist and Humanist* (Doubleday) by Ralph L. Curry; *Flame of Power* (Longmans Green) a collection of word portraits of Canadian business barons by Peter C. Newman; *Portraits of Greatness* (University of Toronto Press) a \$17.50 collection of Karsh photographs; *The Desperate People* (McClelland and Stewart) a new Farley Mowat book on Eskimos; *Just Add Water and Stir* (McClelland and Stewart) a collection of his Toronto Star columns by Pierre Berton.

WOMEN: BACK TO SOME PRIMITIVE CRAFTS

AN INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION in reverse has got Canadian women dusting off some oldfangled customs to set new trends in clothes and hobbies. Its first sign was a brisk upswing in by-the-yard fabric sales. Now, thousands of Canadian women are taking one step further back: they're weaving and knitting (but mostly by machine) the materials they work with.

Home looms are as old as linsey-woolsey, but they're selling like new cars this year. A display at the CNE drew four thousand visitors a day — mostly young housewives. An 83-year-old firm in L'Isle-Verte, Que., Leclerc Looms Inc., now sells 1,800 hand looms a year.

Knitting machines, after a sordid start ("you can make money at home ... just \$10 down") are booming too. One firm sold 10,500 last year — 60 a week in Winnipeg.

Why? Mrs. Roma Hirst Dempsey, who teaches weaving in Toronto, says: "Hand-woven materials take dyes better than machine fabrics. Colors are richer. And hand-woven skirts, stoles, draperies and upholstery just never wear out."



COLLEGES: WATCH THE GENTEEL PITCHMEN

THE IVORY TOWER concept of universities won't stand up much longer. One reason: in the race for the \$250 million Canadians give in philanthropy every year, ivory towers get left behind. And, faced with the onrushing tidal wave of postwar babies, our colleges are looking for new ways to raise a buck.

More and more are finding one: a 12-year-old Montreal-based group of professional money ferrets called G. A. Brakeley & Co. Ltd. Using all the techniques of modern merchandising and corporate PR, Brakeley's have flushed close to \$400 million from public and industrial wallets for over 100 clients — including 21 universities.

This fall, they'll be chasing new millions for at least three big ones: UBC, Saskatchewan and Toronto.

Toronto's drive for \$12.6 million is typical. Theoretically, it's a one-month (November) campaign. In fact, Brakeley's have been working nearly two years, starting with a sounding of public opinion toward U of T (favorable, but many think it's too big).

Other Brakeley gimmicks: a booth at the CNE; a full-time writer, Fergus Cronin, to dream up press copy; a technicolor movie; parades; TV shows; a battery of high-powered speech-makers; IBM machines to keep tab of grads.

The public won't even notice Brakeley's at work. At Toronto, for their \$100,000 fee they'll be the ghosts behind committees chaired by captains of industry like Neil McKinnon, president of the Bank of Commerce, and 10,000 volunteer canvassers.

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

THE GREAT TIGHT-MONEY MYSTERY

What's changed since '56?



SELDOM have reporters been baffled as they were when Prime Minister Diefenbaker, back from the west, undertook to explain to the group who met him at the airport what he meant about "tight money."

What he had said was clear: "There is no tight-money policy. There was one three years ago, but there isn't now." Just what did he mean? What exactly did we have three years ago that we haven't got now? This was what the questioners couldn't quite grasp.

Very simple, said the PM. Three years ago the publicly owned Bank of Canada had imposed restrictions on loans by private banks, "apparently with the knowledge and certainly with the connivance" of the Liberal government. This time, he said, there was no such restriction by the central bank or by the government. There was a tremendous demand for bank loans, as a result of phenomenal growth of the booming Canadian economy, but if the private bankers wouldn't lend any more money it was their decision, not his. Indeed, the prime minister wouldn't admit there was any such thing as "tight money" in 1959. He hadn't heard anyone allege it.

But to the hazy recollection of reporters, these latter sentences had a familiar ring. The Liberals, too, used to argue that shortage of bank credit was just a by-product of prosperity. They were often accused of having a "tight-money policy," notably by a couple of MPs named Diefenbaker and Fleming, but nobody could recall a Liberal ever admitting it. Neither could anyone remember the Bank of Canada doing anything substantial in 1956 that it isn't doing now.

Four years ago the private banks were heading into the same kind of jam as they are in today. The 1954 recession was over, the 1955 boom was on, and the grand total of bank loans was rocketing up at a tremendous rate. To get the cash they needed the private banks were selling government bonds in great quantity, and the bond market began to sag. Moreover, all the banks had promised their major customers a lot more loans, still to be taken out. To keep these promises the banks would have to sell even more bonds, drive bond prices down further, and bring heavy losses on themselves.

There was, of course, one easy way to prevent this. The Bank of Canada could buy all the government bonds that were offered for sale, and thus keep the price up. But this would be a direct inflation of the money supply, as explosive as printing a few million hundred-dollar bills. By autumn of 1955 the money supply in Canada had already gone up a lot since the end of the recession, twice as much as the increase

in production. Any more expansion would mean danger of runaway inflation.

In November 1955 the Bank of Canada had a meeting with the private banks to talk the situation over. Nobody ever said so, but it's evident from the figures that a compromise deal was worked out; the Bank of Canada did buy some of the private banks' government bonds, to help them keep the promises already made, but in return the private banks cut down on new commitments. They agreed to make no more "term loans," i.e., longer than one year—for amounts over \$250,000. More important, they agreed to keep a higher ratio of "liquid assets" (cash and short-term loans) to deposits. By law they are obliged to keep eight percent of their deposits in cash; by agreement, since June 1956, they have been keeping an additional seven percent available on very short notice, so that the "minimum liquid asset ratio" is now fifteen percent.

Some bankers got very sarcastic when they talked about that "voluntary" agreement—they were in such a jam that they didn't have much choice, they said. The alternatives were to break their promises and cut off their customers' credit, or else to sell more and more bonds at greater and greater loss. It's very doubtful, in these circumstances, whether any banker would have gone on lending money to his

customers, agreement or no agreement.

They didn't say so, of course. The easy way for any bank manager to refuse a loan to a valued customer, in 1956, was to say: "Bill, I'd like nothing better than to lend you the money, but those skinflints in Ottawa won't let me—they've cracked down on us."

It wasn't quite true, but it wasn't exactly a lie, and it taught the Bank of Canada a lesson. When another recession ended and another boom gathered way in 1959, and again the supply of bank credit began to run out, the Bank of Canada made no more suggestions to the private banks of methods to meet the new situation. If or when bank managers got to the point of refusing their customers this time, they'd have to think up their own excuses.

But meanwhile, the voluntary agreements of 1956 are still in effect. The allowable amount of term loans was increased last year to two million dollars, but in practice no such loans are being made. The "minimum liquid asset ratio" of fifteen percent is still observed, although no law or regulation enforces it.

Again the private banks have been selling government bonds to get the cash they need, and again the bond market has been sagging—this time to the point where any further selling of bonds might be difficult. Again the Bank of Canada could, if it chose, come to the rescue by offering to buy any

government bonds offered for sale—but again, this would be a direct inflation of the money supply, far beyond any increases in production. So far, the Bank of Canada has not taken this risky course. And that negative decision is the heart and core of a "tight-money policy."

Whether it's fair to call this the government's policy, or only a policy of the Bank of Canada, is matter for argument. By statute, the Bank of Canada is responsible for control of the money supply. No government can dictate to the governor of the Bank of Canada how he shall carry out that task. But there are many ways in which a government can force the governor's hand, if it wants to, and so perhaps "tight money" is ultimately a cabinet responsibility.

The question that baffled reporters at the airport was "What's the difference between 1956 and 1959? If tight money was the government's fault then, why not now?"

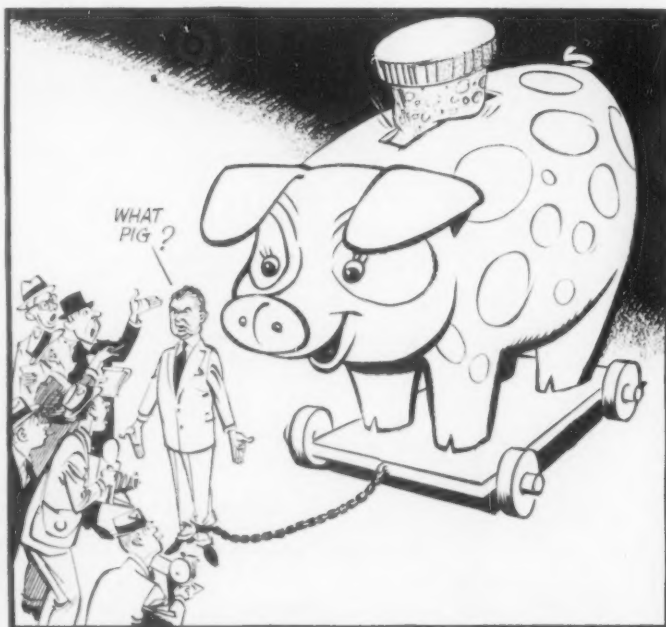
It's true that the two situations are not quite the same. Last time, the increase in the money supply all went to private enterprise; the government then had a surplus for the period as a whole, and didn't need to print any money for its own use. This time the increase in the money supply (which happened to be almost the same percentage) all went to meet the government deficits. Both times, it was the big previous increase in the money supply and the consequent risk of inflation that made the "tight money policy" necessary. If anything, it would seem the 1959 shortage is more and not less a result of government policy than the 1956 one was.

These facts are not secret. The essentials are all set forth, in tranquilized prose, by the Bank of Canada in its annual reports since 1955. Lively footnotes can be gathered from any banker or bond dealer, some of whom are more sarcastic now than they ever were. The picture was familiar in outline, if not in detail, to all the reporters who struggled in vain to comprehend the prime minister's denials and explanations.

He could have meant, and maybe he did mean, that his government won't allow money to remain "tight"—that somehow he will jockey the Bank of Canada into buying more government bonds and increasing the supply of money thereby. Indeed, this may become inescapable. The government faces a refunding operation of \$550 million in October and another of about \$300 million in December, besides the annual Canada Savings Bond campaign; if nobody else takes up these bonds, the Bank of Canada must. Also, the government will need a lot of new money before the end of the fiscal year—\$850 million according to the budget estimate, though they may prove a bit high if recovery proceeds faster than expected (or, likewise, if we do have another round of inflation to boost the dollar totals of government revenue).

A former minister of finance, Mr. Justice Douglas Abbott, once told a parliamentary committee: "If you have a government engaged in large-scale deficit financing, the most competent operations of the central bank would be largely frustrated."

Somehow, though, I don't think that was what the prime minister intended to convey. What he did intend is still a mystery. ★



BACKSTAGE WITH A FAMOUS ANGLER

The PM's just as happy in a cool stream as a hot debate — effective too



WHEN the Collins Publishing Company presents a dolled-up copy of naturalist F. H. Wooding's new prestige (\$6.95) Angler's Book of Canadian Fishes to John Diefenbaker this fall, it will be much more than a publicity-grabbing nod to a public figure. For our most successful politician is also among our most dedicated fishermen and chances are the new book will soon be as well-thumbed as the PM's favorite biography of Sir John A. Macdonald.

The thumbing will be worth Diefenbaker's while. Inset into the back pages of his special leather-bound copy will be samples of the favorite flies of a panel of twelve well-known fishing writers and experts headed by Toronto columnist Greg Clark, who also wrote a panegyric foreword.

Diefenbaker got hooked by angling at 11, when his homesteading

father took him out for goldeye on the North Saskatchewan. Since, he told Maclean's, he's grabbed every chance to shake his busy schedule and wet a line.

Most of his prime-ministerial fishing opportunities have been in Canadian waters, though he has tried deep-sea fishing in Bermuda and the Bahamas on holiday and in New Zealand on last year's world tour.

Favorite fish? Still the speckled trout — "it's sporty and good eating" — but he also likes lake trout, small-mouth bass and grayling, which he caught for the first time this August in Saskatchewan. He's still looking forward to a try for salmon.

Favorite catch? A 21-lb. northern pike. "I don't worry too much about what I get," he insists, but admits to a bruised angler's ego when his home-town TV station in

Prince Albert credited him with only four grayling instead of seven. **Favorite spot?** Hustings-wise Diefenbaker won't confess anything beyond a "fondness for northern Saskatchewan."

Favorite story? Taking novice External Affairs Minister and novice angler Howard Green with him into Saskatchewan. "I told him how to cast," he chuckles, "and he caught one first time. I unhooked it and threw it back. The same thing happened three times. Then I caught one and kept it. Howard exploded and I had to explain his were too small. But finally he caught a big one."

Does fishing give him a chance to ponder the crucial decisions involved in running a country? No, says Diefenbaker. "You can't think of anything else when you're fishing. It takes all your concentration." — KLAUS NEUMANN

Backstage IN THE NORTH

Think pioneering's dead? Not in Frobisher Bay

EVERYONE'S HEARD from grizzled old-timers or fired-up editorial writers the complaint that the free-wheelin' hearties who pioneered Canada are a dead or dying breed. Still, say the news stories, our true north's getting stronger and more prosperous. If pioneers aren't at work, who is?

Consider Edward Gallacher, frontiersman '59. He's the man most likely to be seen if a passenger on any of the ten trans-Atlantic flights now landing at Frobisher Bay, on Baffin Island, NWT, happens to glance out a porthole during the 20-minute refueling stop.

At 38, Gallacher, who looks like a balding Tyrone Power, is the young community's — and perhaps the whole north's — busiest entrepreneur: postmaster, Bell Telephone officer, sole taxi-fleet (four cars) operator and only hotel owner in Frobisher Bay (pop. 2,000). He also runs the only service station in town (Esso), is the local evaluator for insurance companies and often doubles as chef at his 40-room East Coast Lodge or as projectionist for the three weekly movies shown in the lobby.

Gallacher expects early approval of his cocktail bar application that would make his hotel the only official drinking place north of Yellowknife. Someday he hopes to be importing acts from Montreal for the Northwest Territories' first night club. Once the Department of Northern Affairs builds its promised new townsite at Frobisher, Gallacher expects also to move into the bowling alley, flying school and restaurant businesses. For next summer, he's booking fishermen into his lodge who are anxious to try the fighting Arctic char.

Ambitious Gallacher has already invested \$300,000 in his company — East Coast Carriers Ltd. Although he now employs 28 men, he fills in himself on all the jobs involved in his many enterprises. "You have to," he says. "Up here, you can't ask a man to do anything you're not willing and able to do yourself."

British-born Gallacher interrupted his pre-med university course to join the RAF in 1938. He flew night fighters against the Japanese, ended the war as a wing commander with a DFC, in charge of an airbase near Singapore. He joined TCA as a pilot in 1945, first came into contact with Frobisher when he transferred to Maritimes Central Airways to pilot a DC-3 during Pinetree Line construction. When northern flying activity decreased, he moved to Winnipeg, joined the Manitoba department of labor, and within three years was named an assistant deputy minister.

He returned north two years ago when Frobisher was picked as a fueling point for trans-polar flights. Gallacher realizes that his miniature business empire is a gamble on the future of Frobisher as an international airport. "I'm just too frightened," he says, "even to consider thinking about what could happen if my plans don't work out." —PETER C. NEWMAN



GALLACHER
Frontiersman, '59

Backstage WITH STUDENTS / How they saw the world and vice versa

EVER SINCE a now-mature generation's Hearts Were Young and Gay — and before — young Canadians have trooped off to distant lands for their summer vacations. But there's never been an exodus like this year's. No one knows for sure how many of the students now trudging back to school or college picked up some first-hand knowledge of world geography, art and politics, but there are these indicators:

✓ So many parents were willing to cough up \$1,250 (plus spending money) to send teen-agers on his tours that Bernie Taylor, Ontario College of Education professor, had to incorporate himself, hire three assistants and break his party into four.

✓ An entire ship, the Arkadia, was booked by students who landed at Montreal from Europe Aug. 27.

✓ The National Federation of Canadian University Students hand-

ed out a record 500 identity cards that gain holders cut-rate railway, air and hotel rates in some parts of Europe.

Most students still want to go it alone or with friends. But hundreds signed up early last summer for guided tours. A group of 54 went on a 52-day sweep of Finland, Poland, the Ukraine, Czechoslovakia and Russia for \$995 a head. On the way, they boned up on Soviet-bloc economics and politics under a University of Montreal lecturer.

The organized tours mix entertainment with their culture-cramming. As well as a full schedule of picture-peering, and lectures on architecture, Bernie Taylor's groups got an evening at the London My Fair Lady and an afternoon at the Barcelona bullfights.

Our peripatetic students found cheap ways to see the world: one, traditional, the youth hostels of Europe, where a few pennies buy

bed and breakfast; another, newer, work camps such as the international student project of rebuilding a bombed schoolhouse at Sakiet, Tunisia, where a University of Montreal student was co-director this year.

But for all their dedicated sight-seeing, the Canadian students were, well, still students. In Switzerland, one group bought two dozen cuckoo clocks, set them throughout the hotel to ring at one-minute intervals in the middle of the night.

In Italy, another group staged an elaborate street drama; a giant black (rented) sedan swooped into a Roman square. A machine gun stammered (blanks). A young stroller (Canadian) slumped. A husky thug (also Canadian) leaped from the sedan, scooped the fallen figure into the back seat and the car roared off. That night, the students roared over headlines about a "murder" that still probably has the Italian police baffled.

Background

HEAVY DUTIES FOR PLASTICS

Since plastics are used mostly for light, portable products, few people think of them as material for heavy industry. But this year plastics are being used to make: 1, foghorns; 2, truck bodies (one on a dairy tanker was rolled four times in an accident and didn't break); 3, the 84-ft. fume stack on an Ontario fertilizer plant and 4, a decorative permanent cover for concrete building blocks.

HIGHER MATH

When McMaster University professors squeeze into a small plane to Kirkland Lake, Ont., where they're conducting weekly extension courses this year, they won't have to worry about the space taken up by the pilot. He's Prof. W. H. Williams, who'll switch from joystick to pointer for a course in higher mathematics.



WILLIAMS

WHAT CHANCE TWINS?

In the figure-ridden world of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, most

things go steadily up: birth rate, cost of living, divorce rate, gross national product. But — for a reason no one's yet explained — one figure is going steadily down: your chances of having twins, triplets or quads are about 6% lower than your parents' were.

OLD CRIME, NEW PROBLEM

Don't laugh when that TV posse sets out to cut off the rustlers at Eagle Pass. Rustling's on the increase in Canada. The Saskatchewan Stock-growers Association recently posted a \$500 reward (no mention of "dead or alive") for rustlers who made off with several dozen head of

purebred sheep and cattle. Hog rustling's getting worse too. And pigskin is too thin and delicate to take a burned brand.

PROFITS IN REPTILES

Mothers who scream when Junior brings home a snake or a lizard in his pocket could be trying to do him out of some extra income. "Picking" garter snakes, frogs and salamanders — mostly for scientific research — has been a profitable (up to \$30 a day) business for some Manitoba residents who responded to an ad placed by Keystone Fisheries Ltd. Next target area for Keystone: probably Saskatchewan.

Editorial

The well-meant folly of a lady's aid for the CBC

KATE AITKEN'S "Committee of Two Thousand" volunteer censors of the CBC will not, in our opinion, do much actual harm. They are being recruited for an experimental period of two months only, and we have no doubt that by the end of that time, if not sooner, the whole scheme will be quietly dropped.

At the moment its outlines are vague. About five hundred mayors, reeves, members of parliament and heads of community clubs across the land have been asked to nominate fifteen each as possible members of the committee. If all accepted, and if there were no overlaps, the membership would run to more than seven thousand, but apparently Mrs. Aitken assumes that no more than one third of the nominees will turn out to be available for duty.

The real puzzle is what happens next. The committee is not to be supplied with any questionnaires, scoring sheets or other guidance. Rather, each member is to watch and listen to CBC programs at will, and from time to time write letters to headquarters giving his reactions and suggestions. These views will not be tabulated; they will merely be read by someone (presumably Mrs. Aitken herself) who will prepare a digest or summary of her own selections from the total. She will thus be able to advise the CBC management what "right-thinking Canadians" think about CBC programs.

One reason why we feel so sure the plan won't last is that it's not new. The CBC tried this sort of thing once before, in the early days when Gladstone Murray was in charge. A set of "advisory councils" across Canada was appointed to listen to CBC programs and make suggestions how they could be improved. What happened, of course, was that the suggestions canceled each other out. What one man praised, another man denounced. Even "right-thinking Canadians," it turned out, don't all think the same. The councils finally broke up because members were annoyed that the CBC didn't carry out their various contradictory proposals.

We trust the same thing will happen to Kate Aitken's committee before it has time to do any real damage. The really disturbing thing is that such a featherhead project was actually approved, without audible protest, by the CBC board of directors and the CBC management.

Surely they, of all people, should know that this motion repudiates the whole philosophy and purpose of the CBC. If all we want is that nobody shall be offended, that every program shall be filtered free of anything that anyone anywhere disagrees with, we can get that kind of material very cheap. Commercial sponsors in New York and Hollywood produce it by the long ton, and sell it secondhand at a large discount. This editorial approach is reducing U. S. television to a bland gruel of horse opera, soap opera and Walt Disney, but scientific testing proves that it annoys fewer people — and therefore presumably sells more soap — than the sort of program that leads to argument.

The CBC was created to give Canadians something different, something beyond the lowest common denominator of unanimous acquiescence. We hope it will be allowed to keep on doing so.

Mailbag

- ✓ A million thanks for a veiled satire
- ✓ Do we foist an adult God upon children?
- ✓ Seven rules that made for 41 years of happy marriage

HOW I ENJOYED reading *The Day The Queen Resigned* by Charles Spencer (Aug. 29). Suggest you print this in pamphlet form and mail to Mr. and Mrs. Prime Minister, all the Mr. and Mrs. Mayors and all the other Mr. and Mrs. So and Soss.—MARGARET BLUE, SUDBURY, ONT.

✓ Thank you a million times for a delightful satire. Tell Spencer he is wonderful and let him loose on some other ridiculous situations.—MRS. E. A. TYAN, OAKVILLE, ONT.

✓ I took it in real earnest and thought what a fuss to make over the remark of a psychiatrist. However, my son persuaded me it was a satire. I read it again and decided he was right, although it's pretty well veiled.—MRS. WINNIERED MCCREADY, EDMONTON.

From a mortal doctor

Both the Canadian and the U. S. press have interpreted the title you used on my recent Maclean's article as an indication of my imminent ability to endow mankind with immortality. I would be most indebted to you if, in agreement with your kind suggestion, you would call attention to the fact that I hastened to disown the title when I was first shown it, at which time it was already too late to make a change. I was particularly startled to read on the cover that the conclusion drawn from my remarks and expressed by this title was attributed to me. May I suggest the following solution?

Am Editor's
**A SCIENTIST'S
STARTLING CLAIM:**

**death is
NOT
inevitable**

Very sincerely yours,
Hans Selye
Hans Selye

Questions for Rosenberg

There are three questions I wish Stuart E. Rosenberg (Parents should quit exploiting God, Aug. 29) would clarify: 1. If children don't really need God, why do adults? 2. Is the problem that we are foisting an adult God upon children? 3. Are ritual and theology opposed concepts? To my thinking ritual is applied theology. What else is the Pass-

over, or the Last Supper?—BRIAN KELLEY, QUEBEC CITY.

✓ Rosenberg's argument is a typical example of the kind of drivel that, when taken seriously, contributes toward the unnecessary splitting of human beings into artificial factions, each with its own idea about the truth of God.—DENIS KALMAN, OTTAWA.

Found: one town

Backstage with Shorts (Aug. 29) was an interesting article but closer research into the location of Magog would have



placed it in the beautiful Eastern Townships of Quebec—not the Laurentians! It's on Highway No. 1, 80 miles east of Montreal on Lake Memphremagog.—ANN L. PEARSON, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

✓ Whoops!—A. A. LEVICK, MAGOG, QUE.

✓ Gag and tie the boulder who blooped on that one!—MRS. W. J. EWING, BEDFORD, QUE.

✓ Come over and get better acquainted with Magog sometime.—PAUL H. HAMEL, MAGOG, QUE.

✓ Let's locate Magog in its rightful beautiful setting.—G. MOFFAT, SWEETSBURG, QUE.

✓ This is great news to a lot of us down in the Eastern Townships.—W. G. ROSS, JR., STANSTEAD, QUE.

✓ Disturbing, is it not, that pretty knees can so upset one's sense of direction.—W. GLAZIN, MONTREAL.

Score to date: 17 rightly gleeful corrections; 1 sympathy card.

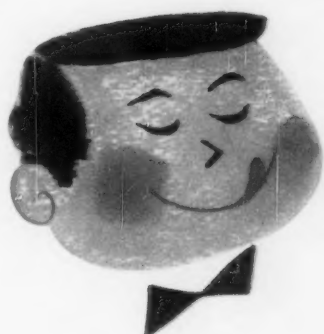
Marriage rules

H. L. Cartwright's argument (Why not a written marriage contract? Aug. 15) was really good. Here are seven rules for a happy marriage: 1. Love and respect your mate. 2. Talk over every difficulty without anger. 3. Be a real parent to your children but never neglect your mate. 4. Never, never let anyone else live in your home — no in-laws. 5. Share both joy and grief together. 6. Stand on your own two feet and meet everything that comes with faith and courage. 7. Love God and attend the church of your choice and God will bless you and your marriage. I've been married 41 years. — MRS. HELEN E. MONTGOMERY, BURLINGTON, ONT. ★

Scrumptious "Brunches" for a Month of Sundays!

1. "I sure go for Aunt Jemima's Buckwheat Pancakes!"

A man can get mighty hungry by Sunday "brunch-time" . . . and nothing is as hearty and satisfying as a stack of golden-brown Aunt Jemima Buckwheats! And if he's an extra good husband (or an extra hungry one) find room on the plate for some bacon or sausage. Man, that's Sunday feasting!



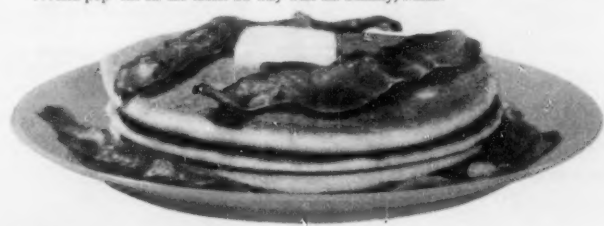
2. "Wonderful Aunt Jemima's Buttermilk Pancakes!"

Call it breakfast . . . call it lunch . . . call it "brunch" . . . there's no Sunday treat like delicious Aunt Jemimas! For the second Sunday in the month, try Aunt Jemima's Buttermilk Pancakes—with the buttermilk right in the mix to make them extra light, extra delicious!



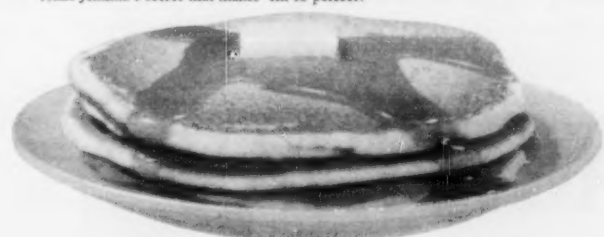
3. "How about some Regular Aunt Jemimas, Mom?"

How long has it been since you tempted your family with Aunt Jemima's original recipe . . . the *regular*-style pancakes that have been Canada's favorites for years and years? It's easy as 1-2-3 to shake or mix 'em up . . . pop 'em on the griddle . . . and pop 'em on the table. So why wait till Sunday, Mom?



4. "New! Aunt Jemima's Country Style Wheat cakes!"

Good thing there are at least 4 Sundays in every month! Because now you can thrill your family with Aunt Jemima's newest recipe . . . real *country style* wheat-cakes. It's the wheat flour that gives 'em such a different pancake flavor. It's Aunt Jemima's secret that makes 'em so perfect!"



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THE COVER

Isn't that just like a woman? If you don't drive a flashy car, you've just about had it. Luckily for the suitor on this cover by Robert Bruce, the CNR scrap yards at Transcona, Man., abound in swell auto accessories like brass lamps—all of them easy on the wallet.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

CREDITS are listed left to right, top to bottom: 12, Miller Services, Wide World Photo, Miller Services / 15, 16, 17, Horst Ehrlich / 22, George Hunter, Robert C. Ragdale, two Kym Taronis / 23, Paul Rockett, Tundsky, Robert C. Ragdale, Herb Nott, Gilbert A. Milne / 26, 27, Paul Gellins / 30, Roloff Beny.

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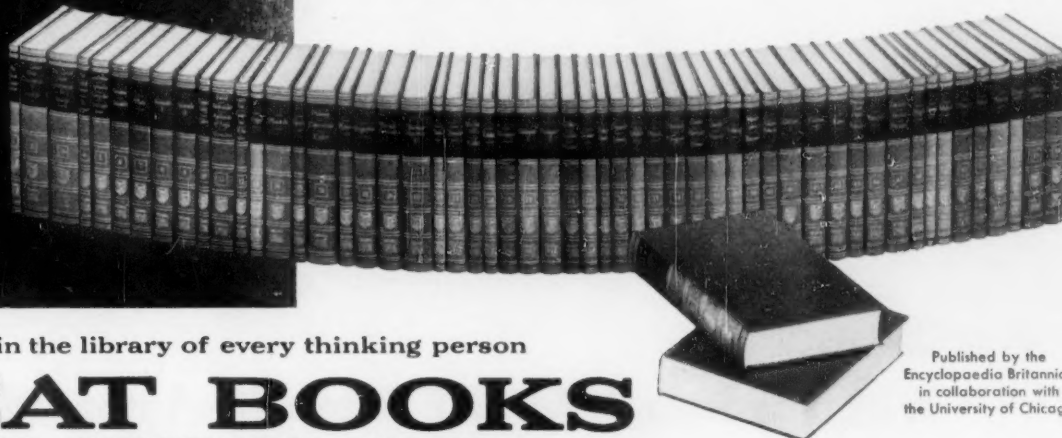


How long has it been since your mind was stretched by a new idea?

Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote: "A man's mind stretched by a new idea can never go back to its original dimensions." The truth of this statement cannot, of course, be denied. A child who suddenly realizes that the letters in the alphabet are not just isolated sounds and shapes, but meaningful symbols that form words, has grasped an idea that will lead to a continuing expansion of his mind. There comes a time, though, in the lives of too many of us when our minds become occupied only with knowledge we have already learned. When that happens our minds cease to grow.

Unhappily, the more successful a person is in his daily work, the more likelihood there is that this unfortunate condition will result. As we become more and more absorbed with our specialty—whether it is law, medicine, engineering, science, business or any one of the hundreds of other engrossing occupations—we cease to absorb the new knowledge that leads to new concepts. With the years, the mind narrows rather than broadens because we cease to stretch it by exploring the great subjects of philosophy, government, religion—the great humanities which have produced our great men and great thought.

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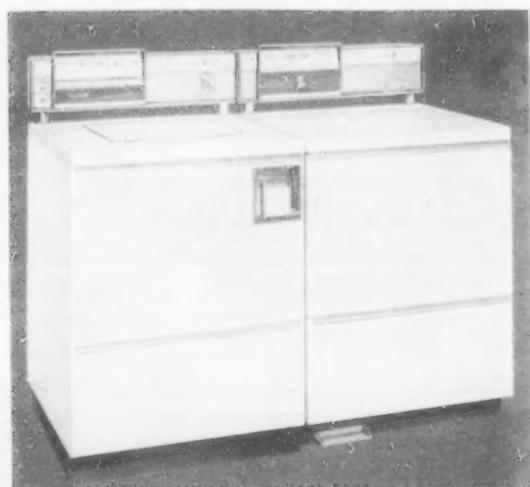
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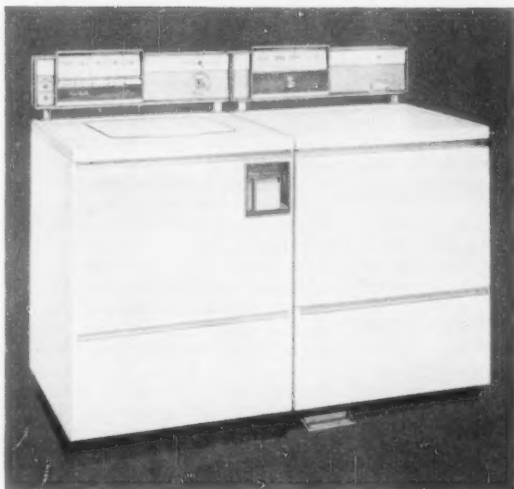
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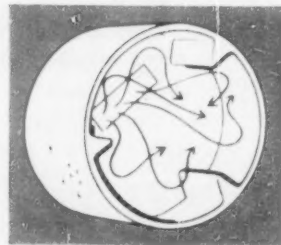
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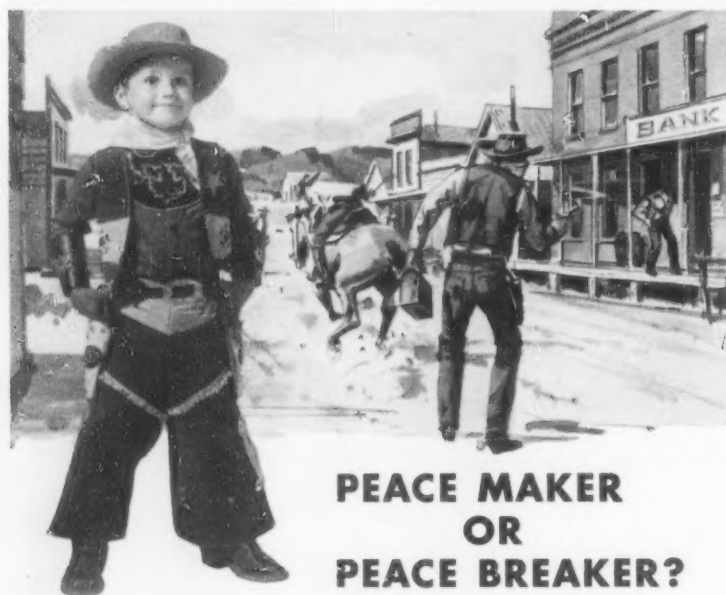
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For the sake of argument



W. D. YOUNG SAYS

We need political parties in civic government

The level of government which affects Canadians most intimately is that which is least respected and most ignored. In no other sphere of government is the traditional Canadian apathy more apparent than in that of civic government. Newspapers speak of a "good turnout" if as few as twenty-five to thirty percent of the eligible voters go to the polls to choose a mayor and aldermen. As citizens we refuse to take our city government seriously in spite of the fact that our health, protection from fire and criminals, the education of our children, the condition of our streets and the sanitation of our communities is either directly or indirectly controlled by our city councilors.

Of perhaps even more immediate importance to some is the fact that council decisions to build this or repave that can have a severe impact on the ratepayer's pocketbook. No level of government affects our daily lives more, yet, while complaining bitterly over the breakfast table or in the cocktail bar about rutted streets and raised mill rates, the citizen is loath to go to the polls on election day to make his voice heard through the democratic machinery provided.

What can individuals do?

But how effective can the voter be and how democratic is the machinery as it now stands? Can the individual citizen provide the cure for the disease of inefficiency and irresponsibility which afflicts so many city and municipal councils in Canada today? In other words, is there much point in making the effort to go to the polling stations? One would like to say that there is; indeed, service clubs urge that it is our duty to vote. But as things now stand there is little the individual voter can do to change things. He has no say in the selection of candidates. He has seldom anything but the vaguest of information about important civic issues, and if he did there is little

that his one vote could alter or influence. He has no effective means of exercising either influence or choice in the selection of those who yearly spend millions of dollars of the taxpayers' money. It is the absence of any form of political organization on the civic level that prevents the voter from exercising any influence. It is this electoral chaos which enables the organized minority to run our civic governments.

How can the average citizen vote intelligently if he knows none of the candidates and has no banner behind which he can rally? To make his voice effective the voter must be organized. Political parties exist for this very purpose, and the introduction of political parties into civic governments would solve many of the problems besetting these governments today.

At present there is absolutely no real basis for making an intelligent choice in a civic election. Candidates seldom stand for anything more than election. On election day the ratepayer is faced with a slate of nonentities whose sole claim for support in most cases is based on a complete absence of both program and experience. No attempt is made to excite the interest of the voter in civic issues by the free and intelligent discussion of these matters from the platform; to do so would mean that candidates would have to take a stand on a matter of importance and this is seldom done in these contests, for the candidate himself would have to understand the matters at stake and, if elected, would also have to be reasonably sure of being able to do something about them. This is at present impossible, for our city councils consist of a dozen or so one-man pressure groups who co-operate, if at all, only in their vilification of the mayor. The poor alderman who did take a stand would be quite frustrated by his inability to get action. As a result candidates promise only to give "good government," whatever that may mean. **continued on page 53**

PROF. YOUNG TEACHES POLITICAL SCIENCE AT UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA.



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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Curtain call on the "fateful parliament"

The debate came to an end and from the government front bench came the familiar words: "I move that this House do now adjourn." The electric bells rang through the corridors as the policeman in the public lobby shouted the ancient cry: "Who goes home?" This means that if any of us are fearful of the populace outside we can have a police escort.

On this last night of the session the policeman's shout and the ringing of the bells had a special meaning. It was in effect the end of this parliament which had been elected in 1955, for when we return from the long vacation it will be merely to declare the dissolution and plunge into the general election.

For those of us who have been parliamentarians for a long time there are little tragedies and sorrows which are inseparable from the passing of a parliament. This time there is the loud-voiced good-looking policeman who stands guard over our cars in Palace Yard and presses the bell which informs the taxis in the swirling traffic of Parliament Square that a member wants a cab.

On this last night the cheery policeman's voice was strangely subdued, and there was no smile on his face as we wished him good

night. He had reached the age of retirement and was parting with six hundred friends.

In the members' dining room there was a pretty waitress who is no longer young, but her humor and her knowledge of every MP's oddities in the matter of food and drink made her our counselor and friend. If any of us were on a diet she knew exactly what was good and what was bad for us. If a particular table was in high spirits she served the meal as if it were all a lark. If we were subdued or noisily argumentative she treated us like naughty schoolboys.

She was a friend alike to the veteran and the new boy.

Forgive me if I confess to being genuinely touched when on the last night she said good-bye. "You were never cross with me at the table," she said. I hope it is true.

Then there is the parliamentary hairdresser, in other words the barber. Time and again he has seen his client leap from the chair as the division bells ring and hurriedly wipe the soap from his cheeks. This man is more than a barber. Often he has soothed tempers when a waiting Socialist and a waiting Tory engaged in fierce controversy.

But our barber's time in Parliament has **continued on page 75**



CHURCHILL



EDEN

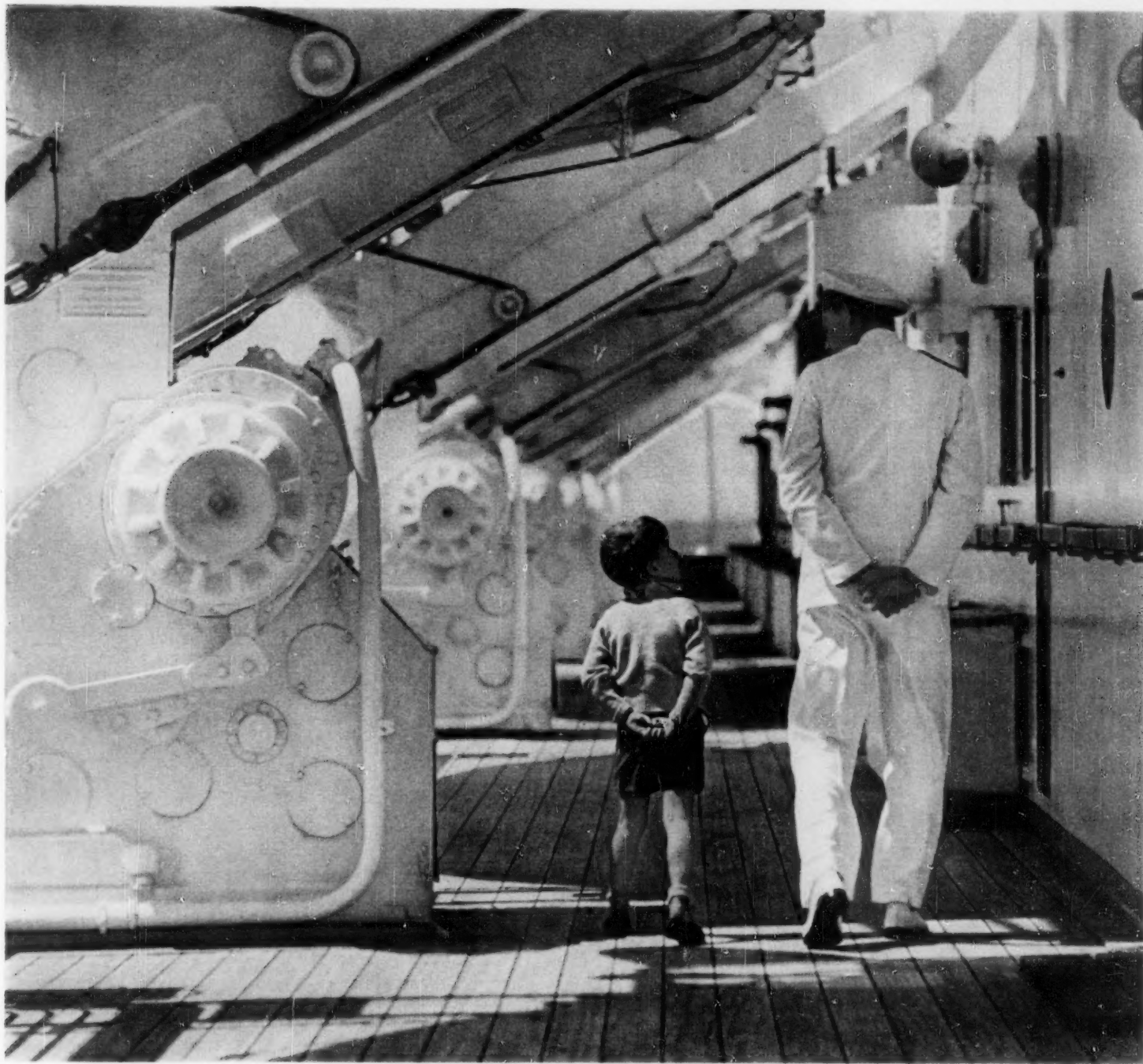


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THESE, AND OTHER, SERIOUS CHARGES ARE INVESTIGATED IN THIS NATIONAL REPORT



Is our system of child adoption good enough?

BY ROBERT WALKER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST EHRLICH

A fairly well-to-do couple in their mid-thirties sailed happily into the Protestant Children's Aid Society of Metropolitan Toronto one morning last spring. They hadn't the slightest doubt they were there for a few last formalities before they adopted a baby.

A likeable young caseworker who had led them through a seven-month examination process had returned to her home in England. A different worker, an older woman, smilingly ushered the couple to her office. If she had then leaned across her desk and slapped them both with a wet towel, they couldn't have been more shocked. She announced regretfully that they couldn't have a baby after all.

The husband, who is a radio announcer, recalled, "I wasn't angry. I was too stunned. I had a silly impulse to say, 'Testing, testing, one two three?'"

"My wife lost her first baby and can't have another. Her obstetrician wrote us a letter of recommendation to the Children's Aid. A psychiatrist, who once treated me, told them we should have a child as soon as possible. Our first caseworker seemed to agree. She even said she was sorry she couldn't be here to pick out our baby.

"The reasons the second woman offered for rejecting us didn't make sense — we were 'too happy together to risk breaking it up with a third person.'"

Social workers, in great demand, change jobs more often than most professional groups. It's possible this couple would

continued on next page

This five-year-old is one of thousands of children who need homes but most couples who apply want to compete for the few available newborn babies.



SUCCESSFUL parents, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Richards, Toronto, leave Children's Aid Society with son Michael. Every year about nine thousand couples succeed in adopting from agencies.

Is our system of child adoption good enough?

continued

have a child by now if they'd been able to keep their first caseworker. No lone worker makes the decision but, in the words of one adoption supervisor, "Caseworkers, in staff meetings, fight like lawyers for couples in whom they believe."

A different agency might have given the couple a child. The Protestant Children's Aid in Montreal, for instance, is outspoken about "taking more risks" than other agencies. The husband believes they'd have been accepted if he'd concealed the fact of his previous psychiatric treatment.

This couple feel they weren't told the real reason for rejection. Possibly, their inexperienced first caseworker was at fault in suggesting they'd been accepted before it was so. In any case, incidents like this are common enough to call for an appraisal of adoption practice in Canada. About eight hundred couples will be turned down by agencies this year and more than twice that many will withdraw applications voluntarily, discouraged by the waiting or the stiff requirements.

Last year Canadian judges signed final adoption orders for 11,641 children. With the current upward trend, about twelve thousand couples will succeed in adopting children this year.

"By what standard does an agency choose some and reject others?"



SCREENING process begins with a group session where the applicants can ask their questions.

About a quarter of these — three thousand adoptions — result from private placements. Without any agency as go-between, orphaned children might be adopted by relatives. An illegitimate child may legally be located for a couple by a doctor or lawyer in this country — as long as he accepts no money — although professional social workers frown on this practice.

The other nine thousand placements are made by provincial departments of welfare or by what may best be called semi-private but "recognized" agencies, one hundred and forty of them. Most are called children's aid societies and are descended from philanthropic organizations of voluntary, amateur workers. These days, all workers get paid and the need for welfare work is beyond the means of pure philanthropy. The "recognition" is usually financial — grants from community chests and from municipal and provincial governments to a board of directors — since these agencies aren't officially licensed in Canada.

These societies may do all the placing, as in Ontario, or the sole agency may be the provincial department of welfare, as in



REJECTED couples — about eight hundred are finally turned down each year — often feel the hurt and anger here typified by models.

Saskatchewan, or the work may be divided between the provincial government and the voluntary societies, as in British Columbia. It makes little difference to the mechanics of adoption.

These agencies all have children in their care, but not all children are available for adoption; some are there temporarily because a father is in prison or a destitute mother is sick. Of those that are available for adoption at least eighty percent are the infants of unmarried mothers who turned for help to the agencies. Most of the other adoptable children have been taken from hopelessly broken homes. A handful are orphans.

Children's aid societies, children's service centres, child-welfare bureaus and provincial child-welfare departments have one common policy. The child is the client. They seek homes for children, never children for homes. Not even for a Winnipeg doctor who once called an agency after a patient's child died. He asked if another could be rushed right over. It's never done that way.

If you want to adopt one of these children, you begin with an "intake interview," probably by tele- **continued on page 71**

Protestant agencies haven't got enough children; Catholics haven't enough homes

Protestant children (right) are so scarce deserving couples wait sometimes for years. In Catholic agencies (below) workers cannot find enough parents. No province will break traditional religious barriers.



One reason for a long wait may be agencies' thorough child testing



Worker holds child up to one-way glass so prospective mother may watch him unobserved. Then the delighted new mother holds him. Children's Aid psychologist Shirley Bellamy (below, right) is testing the reactions of a child for his smiling prospective new parent.





"Jeez,"
ever

THE WORLD OF DUDDY KRAVITZ

*"Listen here, kiddo. I'm going
to be somebody
— and that's for sure!"*

Fighting his way up from the slums of northern Montreal
a new and major character steps jauntily into the Canadian
scene in this new story by Montreal's brilliant young novelist
MORDECAI RICHLER

PART ONE

He walked up to Eddy's Cigar & Soda, across the street from the Triangle Taxi Stand, and there he found his father drinking coffee with some of the other men. Josette was there, too.

"Duddy," Max said gruffly, "I thought you'd be home in bed by this time." Turning to the others with a wide smile, he added, "You all know my kid."

"That's Lennie?" Drapeau asked.

Max laughed expansively. "Ixnay. He's not gonna be a sawbones. Duddy's a dope like me. Aren't you, kid?" He ruffled the boy's snow-caked hair. "Lennie's twenty-three. He's had scholarships all through school."

A big man, burly and balding, with soft brown eyes and an adorable smile, Max Kravitz was inordinately proud of the fact that he had, several years ago, been dubbed Max The Hack in Mel West's What's What, Moey Weinstein's column in the Montreal Telegram, and that, as a consequence, he (along with West's most puerile Yiddishisms) had gone by that name ever since. Max was said to be on first-name terms with Jerry Dingleman, The Boy Wonder, and—as Mel West would have put it—a host of others.

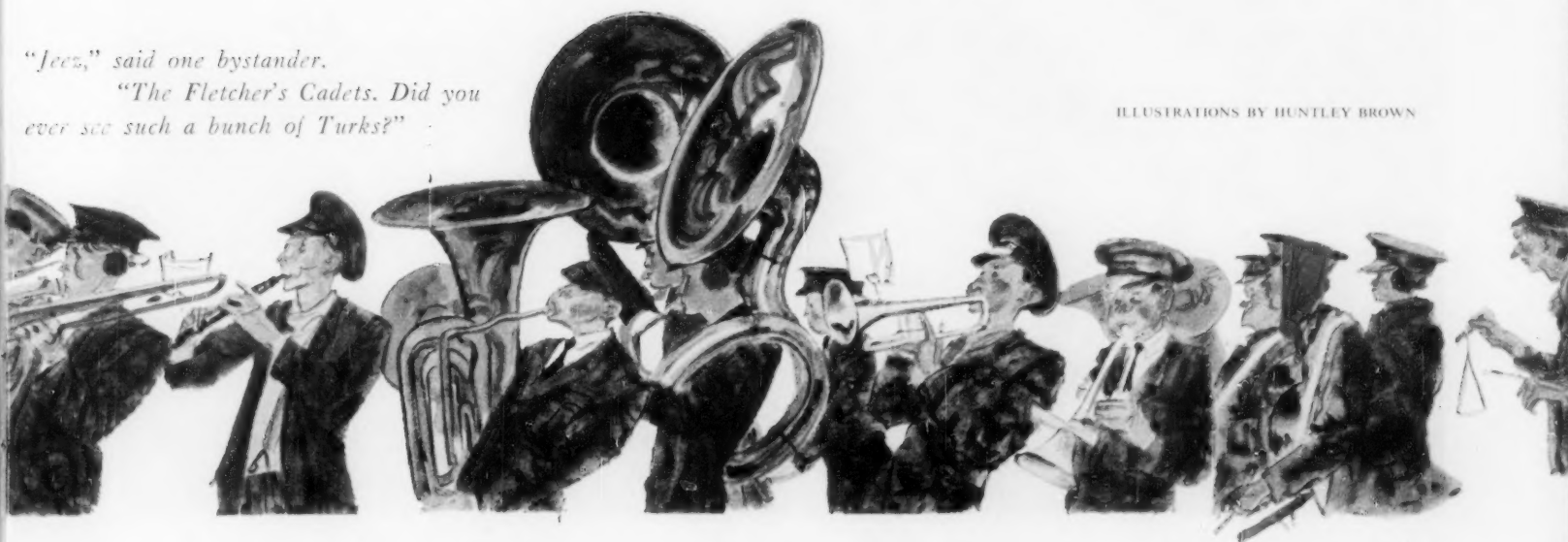
Max, in fact, delighted in telling tales about the legendary Boy Wonder. His favorite, a story that Duddy had heard over and over again, was the

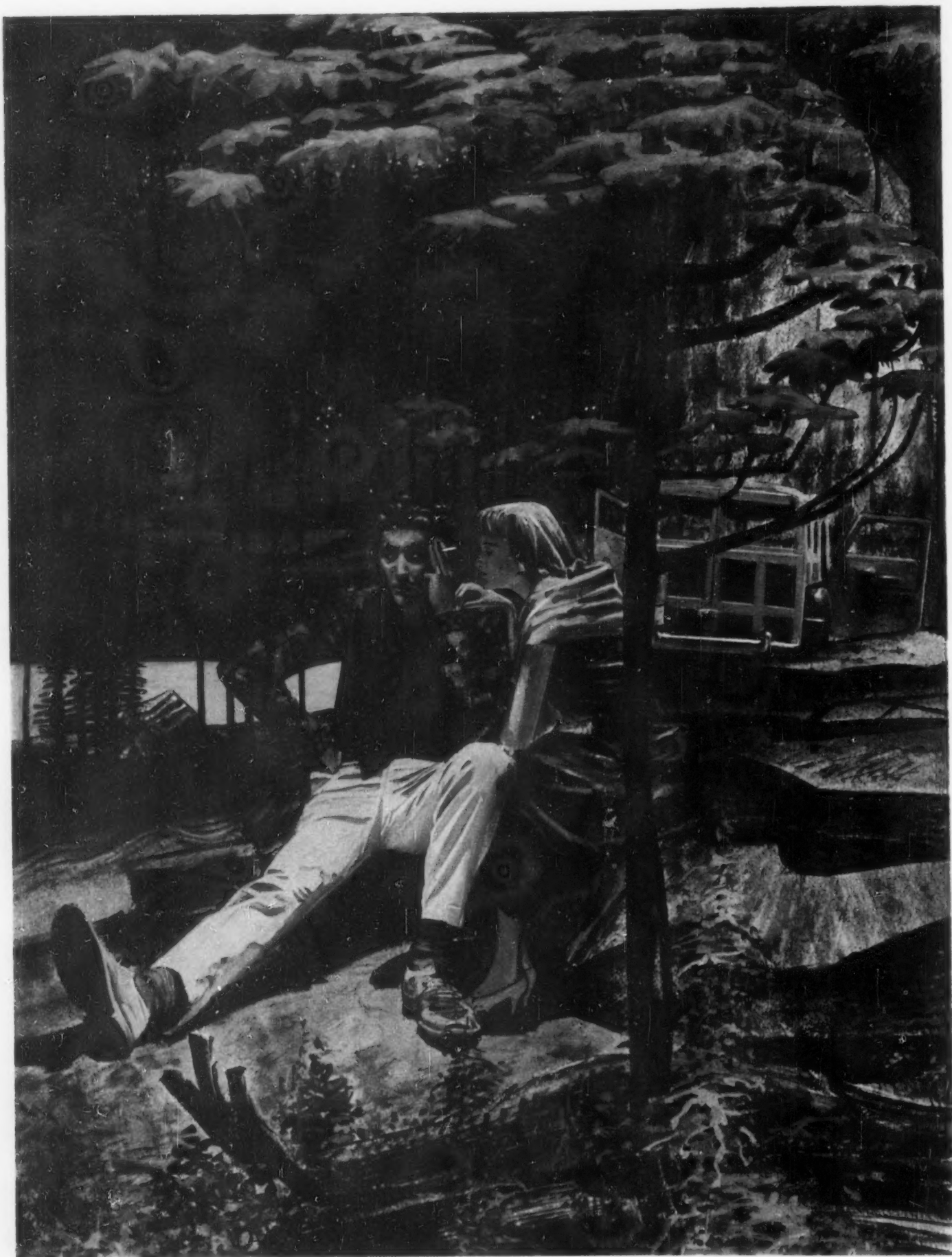
Continued overleaf

"Jeez," said one bystander.

*"The Fletcher's Cadets. Did you
ever see such a bunch of Turks?"*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUNTLEY BROWN





"It seemed to Duddy that Linda had changed. Her voice softened, and he was no longer afraid. 'Aren't you going to kiss Linda?' she murmured."

"He needed a stake
didn't he?
And he couldn't lose
—so Linda said "



"Duddy's cheeks were hot, his eyes were red and when he paid out his hands shook."

one about the streetcar transfer. Max loved to tell this tale, one he believed to be beautiful, to newcomers; and earlier that evening he had repeated it to MacDonald. Not just like that, mind you, because before he could begin Max required the right atmosphere. His customary chair next to the Coke freezer, a hot coffee with a supply of sugar cubes ready by his side, and a supporting body of old friends. Then, speaking slowly and evenly, he would begin, letting the story develop on its own, never allowing an interruption to nonplus him and not raising his voice until Baltimore.

"He was broke," Max began, "and he hadn't even made his name yet. He was just another bum at the time."

"And what is he now? The gangster."

"I'm warning you, MacDonald, if the Boy Wonder knocked off his mother Max here is the guy who would find an excuse for him."

"I mean you could say that," Max continued. "We're like this, you know, and I'd say it to his face even. *The Boy Wonder was just another bum at the time.* Funny, isn't it? I mean his phone bill alone last year must have come to twenty Gs (he's got lines open to all the tracks and ball parks all day long, you know), but only ten years ago he would have had to sweat blood before he could raise a lousy fin."

"No wonder."

"How that ganiff manages to keep out of jail beats me."

"It's simple," Debrofsky said, "the whole police force is on his payroll."

Max waited. He sucked a sugar cube. "Anyway, he's broke, like I said. So he walks up to the corner of Park and St. Joseph and hangs around the streetcar stop for a couple of hours, and do you know what?"

"He trips over a hundred-dollar bill and breaks his leg."

"He's pulled in for milking pay phones. Or stealing milk bottles, maybe."

"All that time," Max said, "he's collecting streetcar transfers off the street and selling them, see. *Nerve? Nerve.* At three cents apiece he's up a quarter in two hours, and then what? He walks right in that door, MacDonald, right past where you're standing, and into the back room. There, with only a quarter in his pocket, he sits in on the rummy game. Win? He's worked his stake up to ten bucks in no time. And what does he do next?"

"Buy a gun and shoot himself."

"I got it. He donates the ten spot to the Jewish National Fund."

Max smiled indulgently. He blew on his coffee. "Around the corner he goes to Moe's barbershop and plunk goes the whole ten spot on a filly named Miss Sparks running in the fifth at Belmont. On the nose, but. And you guessed it, MacDonald, Miss Sparks comes in and pays eleven to one. The Boy Wonder picks up his loot and goes to find himself a barbotte game. Now you or me, MacDonald, we'd take that hundred and ten fish and buy ourselves a hat, or a present for the wife may-

be, and consider ourselves lucky. We mere mortals we'd right away put some of it in the bank. Right? *Right.* But not the Boy Wonder. No Sir."

Max dropped a sugar cube onto his tongue and took some time sucking the goodness out of it.

"Picture him, MacDonald, a twenty-nine-year-old boy from St. Urbain Street and he's not even made his name yet. All night he spends with those low-lives, men who would slit their mother's throat for a lousy nickel. Gangsters. Graduates of Saint Vincent de Paul. Anti-Semites, the lot. If he loses, okay, but if he wins—*If he wins,* MacDonald? Will they let that little St. Urbain Street punk, Jerry Dingleman, leave with all their money? He's up and he's down, and when he's up a lot of the looks he gets around the table are not so nice." Max cleared his throat. "Another coffee, please, Eddy."

But Eddy has already poured it. For, at this point in the transfer story, Max always ordered coffee.

"Imagine him, MacDonald. It's morning. Dawn, I mean, like at the end of a film. The city is awakening. Little tots in their *continued on page 37*

[illegible]

The rough and-tumble world		of penny stocks	
01	0.15	1.15	1.15
02	0.04	0.04	0.04
03	0.08	0.08	0.08
04	0.06	0.06	0.06
05	0.04	0.04	0.04
06	0.04	0.04	0.04
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08	0.04	0.04	0.04
09	0.04	0.04	0.04
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88	0.04	0.04	0.04
89	0.04	0.04	0.04
90	0.04	0.04	0.04



It all begins with a test drill for ore bodies.



Excitement is raised by promotion boosters

FINANCING A MINE — THE LIFE CYCLE OF A PENNY STOCK



Soon, exchange traders are busy filling orders.



In brokers' offices, girls chart ups and downs

Why do they soar—and tumble?

Who makes money—
and who loses? Here's a sharp
and lively look at

this legal lottery and the lively

people who call the shots

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

Every weekday thousands of Canadians, dreaming of sudden wealth, invest some or all of their savings in penny stocks.

It's one of the world's most enticing gambles: 400-odd "specs" that sell on Canadian exchanges for less than a dollar, the largest collection of oil and mining stocks in the world. For a loss, at worst, of a hundred percent—and that rarely—they yield gains of up to a thousand percent and more. One will skyrocket almost daily when metals are in demand, blaze across the financial firmament briefly, then drift down spent, perhaps to erupt again the following week.

In these seemingly inconsistent gyrations one fact is constant: four out of five investors buy or sell at the wrong time. "Not one person in a thousand has the slightest idea of what lies behind the movement of a stock," says T. H. Mitchell, author of the weekly market letter Mitchell of Canada, Inc. "Fifteen percent break even and five percent win what eighty percent lose."

The winners, mostly professional traders, know that in the mining market chance is usually fate in



John Rogers, partner in the old-line Toronto firm, Doherty Roadhouse, is a part-time promoter: "I recall men who went broke believing in their own promotions," he says.

THERE'S NO "TYPICAL PROMOTER" — THEIR BACKGROUNDS ARE VARIED



Lou Chesler, a grocer's son, backed right Bay St. stocks, made \$4,000,000.



Viola MacMillan, herself a prospector, now enjoys luxury Toronto penthouse.



Stephen Roman, chief of Consolidated Denison, was a penniless immigrant.



M. J. Boylen ran away from home at 12, finally won fortune in N.B. metals.

disguise. When a little mining prospect, Consolidated Northland, leaped from twenty-five cents to \$1.24 in July, an Ottawa trader, watching the ticker tape, remarked, "They're taking Northland for a ride." Always, noting such penny antics, traders talk of "they," as if—behind the façade of supply and demand—a penny's moves were dictated by some mysterious stock-market masterminds.

They frequently are. What seems caprice in a penny stock is sometimes calculation, a job of brokerage engineering by Bay Street supersalesmen, creators of moods that persuade the public to buy or sell their stock, masters of illusion, psychologists in cupidity irreverently known as "promoters."

Toronto has more than a hundred mine promoters. A few are the kind of parasites on the lusty body of mining that caused Mark Twain to describe a mine as "a hole in the ground with a liar on top." Others play their nerve-wracking, risky, high-stakes gambling game with a solid moral integrity and their deals are avidly followed by a host of speculators.

They make the Toronto Stock Exchange a turbulent arena where bulls and bears match wits in cold-blooded combat, where fortunes form and re-form with the plunging of the pennies. They make it a mecca for brokers, investment advisers, professional traders, mine speculators, all that strange Toronto coterie which comprises the complex entity known as the Street, hub of Canadian mining finance.

The promoter, often unfairly maligned, is as old as capitalism, and his role is vital to mining evolution. He leads the treasure hunt for the buried wealth dug from Canada's crust at the rate of 2.1 billion dollars a year. Under his Midas touch and the nurturing bankrolls it provides, some present penny prospects will probably grow into great mines.

It was a mine promoter of the Twenties, J. P. Bickell, who raised the funds to develop the McIntyre Porcupine Mines while the sheriff waited to seize the gold bricks as soon as they were poured. Today the shares Bickell sold for fifty cents are worth ninety dollars.

"I can remember when Harry Oakes peddled Lake Shore on this Street at twenty-five cents a share," says Norman Urquhart, president of the Mining Corporation of Canada. "It was promoters who made Quemont, Denison, Algom."

The modern mine promoter may be a mine president, like Consolidated Denison's Stephen Roman, who started out in a cold-water flat in 1946 and now lives in a mansion in the suburbs. The promoter may be a prospector, like Viola MacMillan, who lives in a stylish penthouse, but most likely is a broker, like Joseph Hackett, a lean dry Bostonian who as partner in Streit & Co. buys and sells stocks in companies financed by his holding company, Alator.

However they differ, promoters share one aim: to sell stock at a profit. In 1956, Dobeco, a private holding company of the H. W. Knights, a father-and-son team, paid income taxes of \$2,000,000. Lou Chesler, son of a Peterborough storekeeper, made four million dollars backing the right Bay Street prospects before he went to Wall Street in 1956 and piled **continued on page 68**

Kicking through piles of rustling leaves
wielding the gang's toughest chestnut
reluctantly answering the clang of the school bell
sniffing the sharp country air . . .



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN remembers

the bewitching sights and sounds of autumn

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEWIS PARKER



All the smells of autumn were epitomized by burning leaves — or maybe by stewing tomatoes.



Fall fairs were long-awaited spectacles in the days when even Toronto's CNE was country-style.

When I was a kid in Toronto, the first sign that fall was about on us was the opening of the Canadian National Exhibition, and I often wonder how many people who go to it now remember what it used to be like before it started to look like a missile base. It used to be a fall fair, and you could smell the sheep, horses, pigs and cows from the time the streetcar groaned around the corner of King and Dufferin streets, with city kids hanging out the windows inhaling the air with looks of rapture.

The midway hadn't been taken over by sound engineers and was still an exciting place of tents and circus wagons where talented front men conned the crowd in their natural voices, and the grandstand was the scene of unique epics that I wish I could see today. I still can't get over the feeling that someone is kidding when I hear people say: "Are you going to see Bob Hope at the grandstand tonight?" Anybody standing out there in front of the grandstand cracking jokes would have had his microphone bent into a pretzel by galloping horses in the shows I used to see there when I was a kid.

There'd be this cabin out there all by itself. I mean a real settler's cabin with a settler sitting out in front tanning a fox skin, or making a pair of snowshoes, and out there at one dark end of the grandstand a whole tribe of Indians would be sneaking up on him with tomahawks. Real Indians, or anyway real people who looked like Indians, close enough that you could have touched them with a pole maybe six hundred feet long, and if you'd had one you would have, because you were already standing up yelling at the settler to get inside and barricade the door. Then just as they swooped down on the cabin, a tribe of good Indians galloped out of the other end of the grandstand and you stood there just about vibrating loose from your free samples of Magic Baking Powder and Mentholatum as all hell broke loose with warwhoops, dust, screams, flying tanbark, flames, smoke, gunfire, corpses and riderless horses, until all you could see was a twenty-foot portrait of King George V in fireworks and you knew it was over and worked your way out in the September night with something to sustain you through the first four or

five weeks of dividing by complex fractions.

Next day there'd be good-byes to exhibition visitors, friends and vague relatives from out of town. There was a horrible little girl who arrived one year from Montreal and just kept blowing a bugle at me. I don't know where she got it or why she had it, or how she fitted into the family. But she just kept looking at me with utter loathing and blowing this bugle at me, as if rallying some ghostly forces. And there was cousin Edgar from Winnipeg, who used to come down every fall. We'd circle one another with sneering contempt and my brother and I would tell him to go back to Winnipeg, if there was a Winnipeg, and Edgar would break our bicycles and tell us they made stronger ones in Winnipeg and we'd see if we could make Edgar cry. Each year if we made Edgar cry we felt we'd had a rather successful soiree.

When all the visitors had left we'd be taken downtown for school clothes. We'd be fitted in scratchy new tweed Eaton suits, and my mother would make use of the trip downtown by dragging us through some ghastly place like the home-furnishings department, where I'd keep from going crazy by listening to elderly clerks whistle softly through their teeth when they said "thirty-seven fifty."

And one morning we could hardly believe our monstrous bad luck when my father pulled the sheets off us before he went to work, and we were scrubbed with Lifebuoy, fed porridge and turned out of the house to the clang of Franklin School bells, Holy Name church bells and Harbour streetcar bells and marched through corridors to the tune of We're The Men From Sussex, played on the piano by a Miss Hobbs, who, fresh and rested from two months inactivity, would eye us sharply over the piano as if she wouldn't have trusted any of us a foot.

We waded to school knee deep in piles of dead leaves and filled our pockets with acorns and began marauding horse-chestnut trees for "bullies." To make a bully you bored a hole through a horse chestnut and anchored it onto a piece of butcher's cord. You hardened it, or thought you hardened it, by roasting it on the kitchen stove and rubbing it with

continued on page 66



"Everybody ought to stand in a barn once a year," Allen says. Each fall, with his brother, he visited a relative's farm. Touching a cow's horn required a certain amount of nerve.



Nuns volunteer as patients in the U of M's dental school. Much of the university's high international reputation rests on its fine medical and dental faculties.

The college where Joe College wouldn't fit

The University of Montreal is going gallantly broke while its earnest *carabins* prefer politics and polemics to cheerleaders and panty raids. Of course, they can relax in the students' bar

BY KEN LEFOLH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL GELINAS

As Canadian universities go, l'Université de Montréal does not. It goes its own way, breaking the rules right down the line. As a U of M professor would say, regard:

The University of Montreal has no football team, no cheerleaders, no fraternities, no ivy. Outside Paris, there is no larger French-speaking university in the world. Even so, its French-language department is regarded as no more than adequate by the university's own experts.

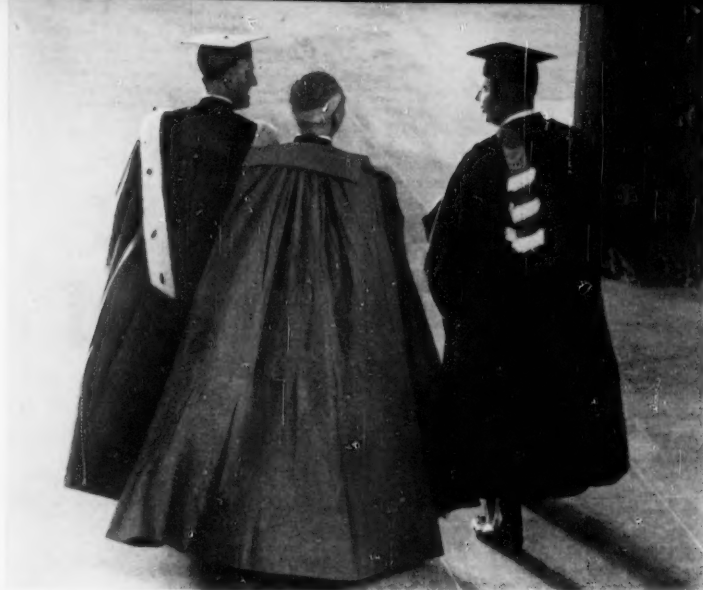
The U of M does have a championship ski jump, a students' bar that stays open until the customers go home, the cadaver of an eight-foot giant, a mining professor who deals in ten-million-dollar properties. Although it is a Catholic classical university, its international reputation rests largely on such non-denominational non-classical specialties as dentistry, pharmacy and its Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery.

Almost every university in North America today is overcrowded and underfinanced. The University of Montreal is half empty — one wing has never been occupied since the building was dedicated in 1943 — and is rapidly going bankrupt.

If this haphazard file of facts supports a

Along one of the bare, yellow-brick hallways there's little horseplay, much sober discussion. Instead of rah-rah football, U of M boasts an olympic ski jump.





U of M rector Msgr. Irénée Lussier (left) strolls to graduation ceremonies with his Chancellor, Cardinal Paul-Émile Léger, and Prime Minister John Diefenbaker.



Typically fiery student Bruno Meloche (seated) camped in Quebec legislature, hoping to force Duplessis to raise education grants.

formula, this is it: the University of Montreal doesn't look like a North American university, as often as not it doesn't act like one, and its students go out of their way to avoid looking or acting like run-of-the-campus college kids. Whether the academic edge is with the conventional majority or the obstinate Montrealers is anybody's guess. Certainly the U of M long ago lapped the field in at least three non-academic departments—controversy, crisis, and several kinds of color.

It is one thing to say the U of M doesn't look like a university; it's another, almost hopeless, thing to say what it does look like. The campus, to begin with, is a crag, 125 acres of granite outcrop on the northern rump of Mount Royal, close to but about four hundred feet above the midpoint of Montreal. This much uncluttered real estate would be enough to make a claustrophobic midtown university like Toronto regain its sense of humor. The U of M, like Moscow and Pittsburgh and no more than three other universities in the world, decided to save space by building a single monolith and housing all its faculties under one roof. The lemon-yellow brick building that resulted combines a couple of the pyramid roofs perfected by the railway hotels with a shaft resembling the obelisks carved by the ancient Egyptians. In other respects it is comparable to nothing else on earth.

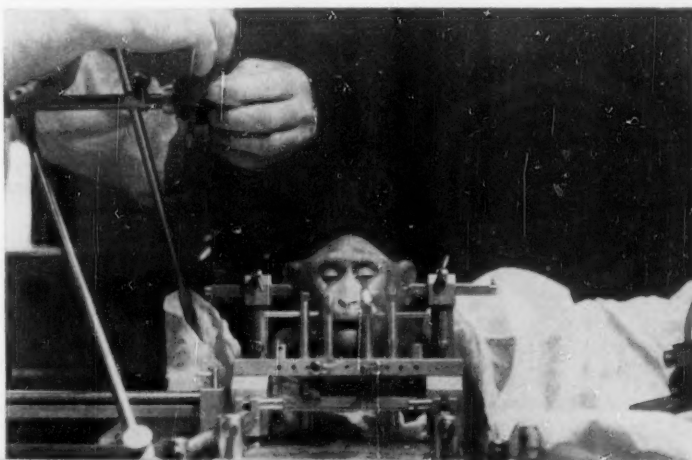
The building thrusts two identical wings east and west along its Mount Royal ridge. The wings are linked by a curved three-story-high arcade topped by a spike 270 feet tall and forty feet square — the overweight obelisk — which is big enough to house the stacks of the university's main library. Each wing is in the shape of an overgrown E (the east wing alone accommodates about four thousand students without creaking) with an added square grafted on its spine. The squares provided the architect, Quebec's celebrated Ernest Cormier, with the occasion for the pyramidal railway-hotel roofs. The E-shaped wings lie on their sides, spines to the mountain and arms stretched out to the city.

The close-up view is just as unsettling as the long-shot. From one point on the campus the building seems to be four stories high, from another six, from another five, but the elevators run to the eighth floor. Inside, the structure is an endless web of bare, yellow-brick corridors plotted, apparently, by a spider who never sobered up. Fourth-year students are not above stopping now and then **continued on page 60**



Botanist Pierre Dansereau in one of the greenhouses used for research. Booming enrollment (13,000 last year) still didn't fill the university's cavernous building.

The skilled hands of Dr. Louis Poirier measure a monkey's skull in the medical lab. He's in the experimental medicine department headed by world-famous Dr. Hans Selye.



"It Happened To Us"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.



The author, Eric Collier, still holds trapping rights to 150,000 acres of northern B.C. wilderness.



Collier's son, Veasy, a toddler when his parents moved into the wilds, was 15 when the fire struck.



Lillian Collier, with friends. Terrified by fire she was first to smell smoke on the wind.

We were trapped by a forest fire

In the British Columbia wilds,
fires aren't supposed to start in May.
But this one did
and only two game horses saved our lives

BY ERIC COLLIER

Illustration by Don Anderson

The wind was from the north when we first became aware of the fire. Lillian, my wife, was the first to detect the presence of smoke on the air. She'd been troweling a flower bed, fixing the earth ready for the seed, sifting it through her fingers to make it friable. The sun was just at the setting, and my son Veasy and I were indoors, patching a fish net that had got snagged when last we dipped for squawfish. We both glanced sharply up when Lillian came running through the door, face streaked with earth.

"Smoke!" she said tensely. "I can smell smoke."

At mention of that dread word, smoke—for we were all rightly scared to death of forest fires—I heaved out through the door and stood there smelling the air. Lillian was right, there was a forest fire burning. In the north, a dense pall of smoke was riding above the forest. To the north of us, but how many miles to the north? And why this early in spring? Too early yet for thundershowers so we couldn't blame it on lightning. In June or perhaps July, when we could expect electrical storms, but not this early, on the fourteenth of May, 1947.

I tried to soothe Lillian's fears by telling her,





"Look out!" screamed Veasy. "You've got company." As Collier's mount was struggling to keep balance, a bull moose, also fleeing the fire, swam swiftly past them.

"I doubt it will run very far now. Woods aren't quite dry enough yet for a fire to hit full stride. It will likely go out before getting a chance to do much damage."

I was soothing my own fears as well but at least I spoke from years of experience in the wilderness. I came to Canada from England in 1920 and since 1931 I had had trapping rights on 150,000 acres along Meldrum Creek in northern British Columbia. My son was two when we built our first cabin there.

We finally dismissed all thought of fire from our minds, believing it could do us no harm

while the forest floor was still moist. But sometimes a flame once kindled is stubborn. It might lie dormant and unseen, smoldering slowly away within the punky wood of some rotting windfall, or entirely underground, feeding on the roots of a tree that has died. It will sometimes smolder with scarcely a wisp of smoke to show there is any fire there at all.

May was about gone, and the smoke that had been in the north forgotten, when the clouds went away from the sky, allowing the sun to glare down on the forests as it lifted and stooped from horizon to horizon. And the wind came

down from the west, a keen wind which, if cool and pleasant against the skin, drove little puffs of dust ahead of it when it touched a naked game trail.

And with the wind came the smoke once more. Barely noticeable at first, soon it was pluming up into the sky to the north. Uneasiness began needling my mind. Ever since coming to the woods to live I have dreaded a forest fire. Even when fires were far to the west, many miles away, I would climb the high timbered hill whose spine is but a mile from the house and from its top **continued on page 55**

EXCLUSIVE: THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL



HIS EXCELLENCY MAJOR-GENERAL THE RT. HON. GEORGE PHILIAS VANIER, DSO, MC, AND MADAME VANIER

RoloF Beny, the brilliant young Canadian painter-photographer, was granted an exclusive sitting by the Vaniers in their Montreal apartment shortly before they moved into Rideau Hall. "My immediate impression," Beny says, "was of a handsome couple enormously in love with each other and with life. Despite his impressive military and diplomatic career, the General struck me more as a humanist and man of letters while Mme. Vanier, elegantly tall, easy and gay, seemed a wonderful asset to the man and his future post."



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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

PORGY AND BESS: George Gershwin's melodious and impassioned 1935 "folk opera" is a grand show in Samuel Goldwyn's long-awaited screen production, although it sometimes seems too big and too loud amid the panoramic thunders of the Todd-AO process. Sammy Davis Jr. is an unforgettable agent-of-Satan as Sporting Life, with Dorothy Dandridge as a rather prim Bess and Sidney Poitier as Porgy, the strong and tender beggar. Few of the principals do their own singing, but the voices dubbed in for them are splendid.

BLUE DENIM: The inability of many of today's teenagers to communicate with their parents is the worthwhile theme behind this much-ballyhooed drama about a high-school boy who gets his sweetheart "in trouble." Several scenes are done with honesty and insight but a slick and sudden happy ending seriously weakens the whole enterprise. With Brandon de Wilde, Carol Lynley.

BORN TO BE LOVED: A fatuous little romantic comedy-drama in which a kindly old music teacher (portrayed by writer-producer-director Hugo Haas) "plays God" in the life of an awkward wallflower (Carol Morris). Vera Vague, Bob Hope's long-ago radio sparring partner, gets a few chuckles.

DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE: As in most of Walt Disney's confections, horror and whimsy strongly influence the flavor of sunny sentiment in this comic fantasy. It tells of a lovable old Irish rascal (Albert Sharpe) who outwits the king of the leprechauns but soon regrets his victory. Janet Munro is a lovely colleen, and the camera trickery is ingenious.

LOOK BACK IN ANGER: Present-day England is a bleak and depressing abode for the tormented mortals encountered in John Osborne's play, here given powerful screen treatment under Tony Richardson's direction. Richard Burton is the rebellious "hero" of the story, with Mary Ure and Claire Bloom as his wife and mistress. Rating: good — but no candy coating.

THE SCAPEGOAT: Sir Alec Guinness gives not one but two skillful performances—as a black-hearted French nobleman and as a tired English schoolmaster who precisely resembles him. But a sluggish pace and some conspicuous gaps in plausibility are flaws in this British film version of the Daphne du Maurier novel. The cast includes Irene Worth and Bette Davis.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Anatomy of a Murder: Courtroom drama. Excellent.

Ask Any Girl: Comedy. Good.

Behind the Mask: Hospital drama. Fair.

The Bridal Path: British comedy. Good.

Carlton-Browne of the F.O.: British comedy. Good.

Compulsion: Crime drama. Good.

Cry Tough: Crime drama. Good.

Day of the Outlaw: Western. Fair.

Don't Give Up the Ship: Jerry Lewis navy farce. Fair.

The 5 Pennies: Biog-musical. Good.

The Hangman: Western. Fair.

The Heart of a Man: Comedy. Fair.

Holiday for Lovers: Comedy. Fair.

The H-Man: Science fiction. Fair.

A Hole in the Head: Comedy. Good.

The Horse Soldiers: Adventure in Civil War. Good.

Hound of the Baskervilles: Sherlock Holmes mystery. Fair.

Idle on Parade: Army farce. Fair.

Last Train from Gun Hill: Suspense western. Good.

Legend of Tom Dooley: Drama. Good.

The Man Who Couldn't Talk: Courtroom drama. Fair.

Middle of the Night: Drama. Fair.

The Mummy: Horror. Fair.

Murder by Contract: Suspense. Good.

North by Northwest: Comedy-thriller by Hitchcock. Excellent.

The Nun's Story: Drama. Excellent.

A Private's Affair: Comedy. Fair.

Pork Chop Hill: War drama. Good.

Return of the Fly: Horror. Poor.

Room at the Top: Adult drama from Britain. Excellent.

Sapphire: British whodunit. Fair.

Say One for Me: Comedy-drama. Fair.

Shake Hands With the Devil: Irish drama. Good.

The Square Peg: Spy comedy. Fair.

Tarzan's Greatest Adventure: Melodrama in jungle. Fair.

10 Seconds to Hell: Suspense. Fair.

The 39 Steps: Comedy-thriller. Good.

Tiger Bay: Suspense drama. Good.

Too Many Crooks: Comedy. Good.

Warlock: Western. Good.

Watusi: Jungle adventure. Fair.

Whirlpool: Riverboat drama. Poor.

The Young Philadelphians: Drama. Good.

WILL YOU BE ONE OF THE 150,000 CANADIANS WITH NEW HOMES OF THEIR OWN THIS YEAR?

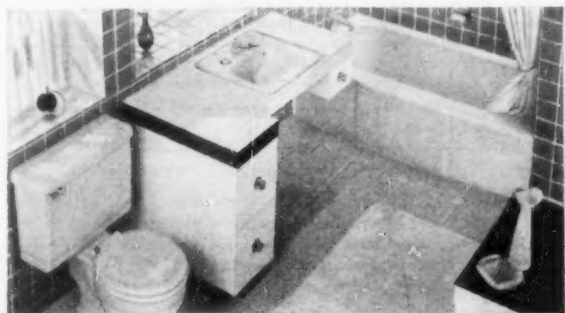
Here's a booklet that answers many of the questions you are asking

You know how much a "home of your own" means to you. Perhaps you've been looking forward to it for a long time, as a dream that is going to come true "some day". If now it seems that "some day" can be soon, you're probably beginning to consider many of the problems involved in building or buying. You're looking for the answers to a lot of questions — financial, legal and many others. This booklet has been designed to help you. It gives you practical advice on these problems. It is a guide you will want.



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CANADIANECDOTE



Why the Irish didn't invade Vancouver Island

Victoria's bobbies would be carrying shillelaghs if an eccentric American named George Francis Train had succeeded in conquering Vancouver Island for the Irish Free State ninety years ago.

Admittedly a crackpot, yet a vociferous believer in Irish independence, the pint-sized Train spent more than a year crisscrossing the United States in an effort to recruit an army of Fenians to do his fighting. "The British Lion is expecting an attack on Ireland, which is its head," he once told a New York audience. "I shall attack Vancouver Island, which is its tail."

Train came up with what he considered a simple and effective plan of attack — his army would construct a wooden bridge across storm-flecked Juan de Fuca Strait, which separates Washington State from Vancouver Island. The invading hordes would simply march across the bridge and take Victoria. Train would bring up the rear to burn the bridge behind the soldiers for "there can be no turning back, no turning back."

There is little doubt that Train's hatred for everything British grew to fantastic proportions after his imprisonment in England a few years earlier for writing numerous pamphlets urging a general Irish insurrection. Finally released, he scurried back to the safety of the U. S. where he hired large halls

in which he harangued audiences on the subject of the proposed conquest of Vancouver Island.

"If I have honesty, genius or power in the world I attribute it entirely to my insanity," he glowed in a speech at Portland, Ore.

At last, when even Train realized no one was going to join his army of liberation, he set off for Victoria alone. It was 5 a.m. on July 12, 1869, when he landed in Victoria to be met by a lone, sleepy-eyed reporter assigned to interview him.

"No wonder the country don't prosper," Train said in a huff. "The people get up too late."

The obvious lack of concern with which the citizens of that day regarded his threat of total war apparently was too much for Train, for later the same day he sailed for Seattle. Two days later, the editor of the Victoria Colonist received this telegram: "OVERLAND TOMORROW FOR NEW YORK TOUCHING AT ENGLAND EN ROUTE TO GET NATURALIZED. REPUBLICS UNGRATEFUL. MONARCHIES CORRECT THING. LET EVERY DROP OF AMERICAN BLOOD OUT OF MY VEINS. GET SUPPLY OF BRITISH BLOOD READY FOR MY RETURN. THANKS TO ALL. ERIN GO BRAGH! E PLURIBUS UNUM. CEAD MILE FEALTHE. GOD SAVE ENGLAND. VALE."

That was the last Victoria ever heard of George Francis Train.

—PETER BRUTON

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.



Greenhorn Robert Kerr takes a crack at Ireland's ancient sport and gets a surprise: It's not quite the free-for-all it looks. Once played with no holds barred, hurling now has strict rules.

IRISH HURLING... the original hurly-burly

"As Irish as the shillelagh and just as murderous-looking, Ireland's age-old sport of hurling is still played with Gaelic ferocity," writes Robert Kerr, a friend of Canadian Club. "In County Limerick last month, I passed a field where a local hurling team was holding practice. When the players invited me to 'have a go,' I couldn't refuse. With 15 men on a side, the action was pure chaos. 'It's really all very scientific,' one man said. But a knock on the head persuaded me that

hurling wasn't in my line. At a hotel in Ennis afterward, I found something that was. One hurler demonstrated Irish hospitality by way of a friendly drink. And the drink was Canadian Club." *Why this whisky's world-wide popularity?* It's the distinctive light, satisfying flavour of Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long... in cocktails before dinner, and tall ones after. Try Canadian Club *yourself* and you'll see why it is served in every notable club, hotel or bar the world over.

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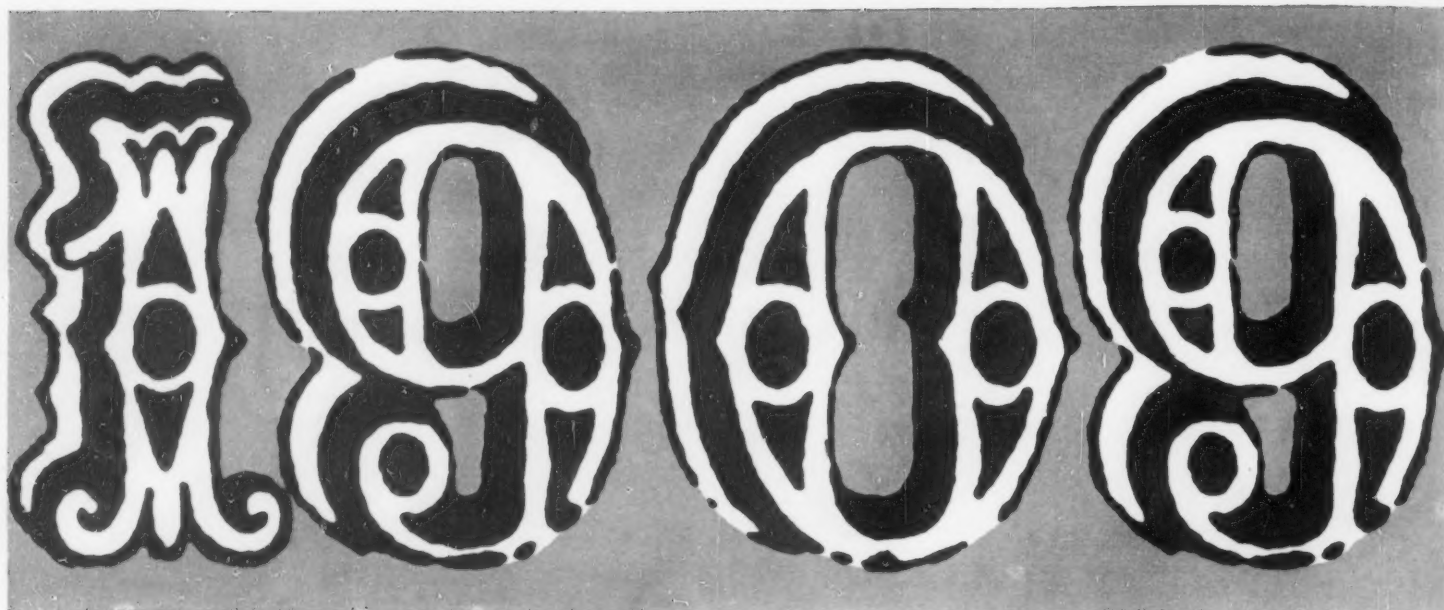
Fine points of game are explained: trick is to balance ball on the blade of the stick, or hurley. It takes practice.



Grounded by a "slight accident" Kerr is assured by players that serious mishaps hardly ever happen.



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"Tara-boom, tara-boom, tara-boom-boom-boom! And they wheeled out of Fletcher's Field"

little beds are dreaming pretty little dreams. Workmen are getting out of bed. The exercise boys are taking the horses out. Somewhere, in the Jewish General Hospital let's say, a baby is born. Morning, MacDonald, another day. And the Boy Wonder, his eyes ringed with black circles, steps out into God's sunlight and in his pocket, MacDonald, is almost one thousand do-is-ollers—and I should drop down dead if a word of this isn't true.

"But wait. That's not all. This is only the beginning. Because the Boy Wonder does not go home to sleep. No, sir. That morning he takes the train to Baltimore, see, and that's a tough horse town, you know, and they never heard of the Boy Wonder yet. He's only a St. Urbain Street boy, you know. I mean he wasn't born very far from where I live. Anyway, for six weeks there is no word. *Rien*. Not a postcard even. Imagine, MacDonald, try to visualize it. Has some nigger killed him for his roll, God forbid. (There are lots of them in Baltimore, you know, and at night with those dim street lamps, you think you can even see them coming?) Is he a broken man, penniless again, wasting away in a hospital maybe? *The public ward*. Six weeks and not a word. Nothing. Expect the worst, I said to myself. Good-by, old friend. *Au revoir*. Good night, sweet prince, as they say, something something something.

"Then one day, MacDonald, one fine day, back into town he comes, only not by foot and not by train and not by plane. He's driving a car a block long and sitting beside him is the cutest little dame you ever saw. I mean just to look at that girl! And do you know what, MacDonald? He parks that bus right outside here and steps inside to have a smoked meat with the boys. By this time he owns his own stable already. So help me, MacDonald, in Baltimore he has eight horses running. Okay, today it would be peanuts for an operator his size, but at the time, MacDonald, at the time. And from what? Streetcar transfers at three cents apiece. Streetcar transfers, that's all. I mean can you beat that?"

WHENEVER he told that story Max's face was suffused with such enthusiasm that the men, though they had heard it time and again, sure as they were that it would come out right in the end, unfailingly moved in closer, their fears and hopes riding with the Boy Wonder in Baltimore, who, as Max said, was only a St. Urbain Street boy.

But they were extremely fond of Max, anyway. He didn't push, he was always good for a fun, and though he never complained it had been hard for him since his wife had died.

Minnie had died eight years ago and that, Max figured, was why Duddy was such a puzzle. A headache, even. All he ever wanted to do was play snooker. Max, of course, was anxious for Duddy to get started in life. About Lennie he had no worries: not one.

"Awright, Duddy, since you're here already, what'll you have?"

"A Scotch and soda."

Max shook with laughter. "Some BTO my kid."

"Okey-doke, Eddy, give my boy a Grepsi and a lean on rye. I'll have the same." Max sat down beside Duddy at the counter. "Keep away from MacDon-

ald," he said in a low voice. "He's new here and I don't like him."

Duddy told his father about his latest fight with Mr. MacPherson, his teacher at Fletcher's Field High School. "He said you weren't fit to bring me up."

"If your teacher said that he had a good reason. What did you say first?"

"Do I always have to be in the wrong? Jeez. Why can't you stick up for me? Just once why can't you—"

"You're a real trouble-maker, Duddy, that's why. Lennie never once got the strap in four years at Fletcher's."

Lance-corporal Boxenbaum led with a bang bang bang on his big white drum and Litvak tripped Cohen. Pinsky blew on his bugle, and the Fletcher's Field High School Cadets wheeled left, reet, left, reet, out of Fletcher's Field, led by their commander-in-chief, that snappy five-footer, W. E. James (that's "Jew" spelt backwards, as he told each new gym class). Left, reet, left, reet, powdery snow crunching underfoot, Ginsburg out of step once more, Hornstein unable to beat his drum right because of the ten-on-each Mr. Coldwell had applied before the parade, Turning smartly right down Esplanade Avenue they were at once joined and embarrassed on either side by a following of younger brothers on sleighs, little sisters with running noses, and grinning delivery boys stopping to make snowballs.

"Hey, look out there, General Montgomery, here comes your mother to blow your nose."

"Lefty! Hey, Lefty! Maw says you gotta come right home to sift the ashes after the parade. No playing pool she says. She's afraid the pipes will burst."

Tara-boom, tara-boom, tara-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM, past the Jewish Old People's Home where on the balcony above, bedecked with shawls and rugs, a stain of yellowing expressionless faces, women with little beards and men with sucked-in mouths, fussy nurses with thick

legs and grandfathers whose sons had little time, a shrunken little woman who had survived a pogrom and two husbands and three strokes, and two followers of Rabbi Brott the Miracle Maker, watched squinting against the fierce wintry sun.

"Jewish children in uniform?"

"Why not?"

"It's not nice. For a Jewish boy a uniform is not so nice."

Skinny, lumpy-faced Boxenbaum took it out on the big white drum and Mendelson hopped to get back into step. Arty Myers, the FFHS Cadet Corps quartermaster who sold dyed uniforms at eight dollars each, told Naturman the one about the rabbi and the priest and the bunch of grapes. "Fun-ny," Naturman said.

Commander-in-chief W. E. James, straight as a ramrod, veteran of the Somme, a swagger stick held tightly in his hand, his royal-blue uniform pressed to a cutting edge and his brass buttons polished perfectly, felt a lump in his throat as the corps, bugles blowing, approached the red-brick armory of the Canadian Grenadier Guards. "Eyes . . . RIGHT," he called, saluting stiffly.

Duddy Kravitz like the rest turned to salute the Union Jack and the pursuing gang of kid brothers and sisters took up the chant,

Here come the Fletcher's Cadets,
smoking cigarettes,
the cigarettes are lousy
and so are the Fletcher's Cadets.

Crunch, crunch, crunch-crunch-crunch, over the powdery snow, ears near frozen stiff, the FFHS Cadet Corps marched past the Jewish Library, where a poster announced,

Wednesday Night
ON BEING A JEWISH POET
IN MONTREAL WEST
A Talk by H. I. Zimmerman, B.A.
Refreshments

and smack over the spot where in 1938 a car with a Michigan license plate had machine-gunned to death the Boy Wonder's father. They stopped in front of the YMHA to mark time while the driver of a KIK KOLA truck that had slid into a No. 97 streetcar began to fight with the conductor.

"Hip, hip," W. E. James called. "HIP-HIP-HIP."

A bunch of YMHA boys came out to watch. "Jeez. The Fletcher's Cadets. Did you ever see such a bunch of turks in your life?"

"There's Arnie. Hey, Arnie! Where's your gun? Wha'?"

Other boys called out:

"Boxenbaum. HEY! You'll get a rupture if you carry that drum any further."

"Hip, Hip," W. E. James called. "HIP-HIP-HIP."

Geiger blew on his bugle and Sivak goosed Kravitz. A snowball knocked off Sergeant Heller's cap. Pinsky caught a frozen horse-bun on the cheek, and Mel Brucker lowered his eyes when they passed his father's store. Monstrous icicles ran from the broken, second-floor windows of his home into the muck of stiff, burnt dry-goods and charred wood below. The fire had happened last night. Mel had expected it because that afternoon his father had said cheerfully, "You're sleeping at grandmaw's tonight," and each time Mel and his brother were asked to sleep at grandmaw's it meant another fire, another store.

"Hip. Hip. Hip, hip, hip."

To the right Boxenbaum's father and another picketer walked up and down blowing on their hands before the NU-OXFORD Shoe Factory, and to the left there was HARRY'S WAR ASSETS STORE with a sign outside that read,

IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO
DROP IN
—SMILE WHEN YOU WALK PAST.

Tara-boom, tara-boom, tara-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM, past the Hollywood Barbeshop where they removed blackheads for 50c, around the corner of Clark where Charna Felder lived, the FFHS Cadet Corps came crunch-crunch-crunch. Tansky started on his drum. Rubin dropped an icicle down Mort Heimer's back, and the cadets wheeled left, reet, left, reet, into St. Urbain Street. A gathering of old grads and slackers stepped out of the Laurier Billiard Hall, attracted by the martial music.

"Here come the Jewish commandos."

"Hey, sir, Mr. James! Is it true you were a pastry cook in the first war?"

"We hear you were wounded grating latkes."

"There's Stanley. Hey, Stan! Jeez, he's an officer or something. STAN! It's okay about Friday night but Rita says Irv's too short for her. Can you bring Syd instead? Stan! STAN!"

Over the intersection where Gordie Wiser had turned the Union Jack after many others had trampled and spit on it the day Ernest Bevin announced his Palestine policy, past the house where the Boy Wonder had been born, stopping to mark time at the corner where their fathers and elder brothers armed with baseball bats had fought the frogs during the conscription riots, the boys came

Continued on page 41





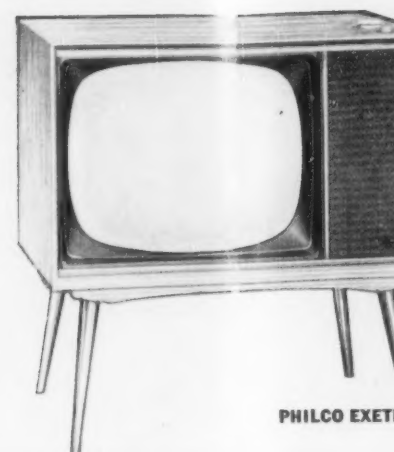
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PHILCO BRISTOL 4672
Philco Mastercraft cabinetry, fine detail, rich grains, fine-tuning, 3-speaker diffusion sound, up-to-the-minute picture.

PHILCO MISS AMERICA 4660
fine tuning, 3-speaker diffusion sound, Pop-Up Tuning, classic beauty.

PHILCO MISS CANADA 4656
a crystal-clear 21" picture.



NEW!
CORDLESS!
works anywhere

Take the fun with you—with Philco Portable TV!

Presenting the PHILCO SAFARI Model 2010

World's First Transistor Battery-Powered Television

Take it anywhere—enjoy it everywhere! It's the all-transistor Philco Safari, 15 lbs. of portable fun. Fine-screen picture, glare-proof hood, built-in antenna, long-life battery, rich leather case . . . a fabulous "first" from Philco! **\$399.95***

PHILCO
SLENDER SEVENTEENER
Portable TV Model 3055

Canada's favorite travelling companion! Slim—less than 12" deep—yet with amazing picture-making power. Handy feature: the leather handle doubles as a rotating antenna!

"New Matic" remote control available at slight additional cost.

Philco Portables start as low as **\$249.95***





PHILCO MISS CANADA
Model 4656 \$429.95*



PHILCO EXETER Model 4666
\$299.95*



PHILCO BANFF Model 4674
\$379.95*



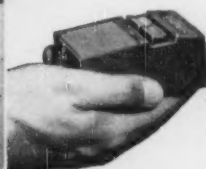
PHILCO S-F SEMI-FLAT PICTURE TUBE

Slimmest ever in television's most exclusive cabinets! Exclusive Magnetic Monitors produce fine, true picture.



PHILCO POP-UP TUNING

A finger touch raises the channel selector, turns on the set. Another touch—the set's turned off—the dial's tucked away!



PHILCO DIRECTA

Exclusive palm-size Remote Control turns set on and off, controls volume, changes channels—without connecting wires!



PHILCO SOUND SYSTEMS

Two-speaker Wide Diffusion Sound—or 3-speaker Wrap-Around Sound... both deliver clear, direct sound all through the room!

2 SPEAKER

3 SPEAKER

enrich your life with new sights and sounds!

BRISTOL 4672: Magnificent Mastercraft cabinet, with wide-sound, up-top tuning, full 21"

Pop-Up Tuning, television's finest sound system—plus Mastercraft console styling.

MISS AMERICA 4660: Pre-Set tuning, 3-speaker Wrap-Around Pop-Up Tuning—and a cabinet of beauty.

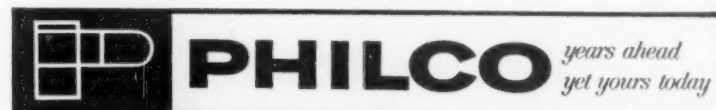
PHILCO EXETER 4666: Clean-lined and compact, with up-top tuning, illuminated channel selector switch, 262 square inches of viewing area. Includes removable glass panel, as in all Philco consoles.

MISS CANADA 4656: Brings you clear 21" picture, convenient

PHILCO BANFF 4674: Powerful chassis, two-speaker sound, interference-free picture, soft-glow channel indicator—all featured in this Mastercraft-fashioned Philco.

All Philco Mastercraft models described at left in choice of blond mahogany, walnut and mahogany finishes. *SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN WESTERN CANADA AND THE MARITIMES

PHILCO GUARANTEE: Picture tube 1 year. Small components 90 days. Philco quality components are available from every authorized Philco Dealer.



PHILCO CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED, DON MILLS, ONTARIO

PHILCO sets the new trends in tele-fashion!

PHILCO PREDICTA Clock Television

Decorator styled—colorful and compact to match today's decor. Newest features too, including Philco Automatic Clock Controls to turn your programs on and off at pre-set times! Matching magazine stand, slightly extra.

Philco Predicta models start as low as \$279.95*

PHILCO SUSSEX Swivel Console Model 4682

Swivels right around—beautifully finished front and back so you can use it as a room divider! Wrap-Around Sound, Pre-Set Fine Tuning and a host of 1960 Philco features. \$439.95*

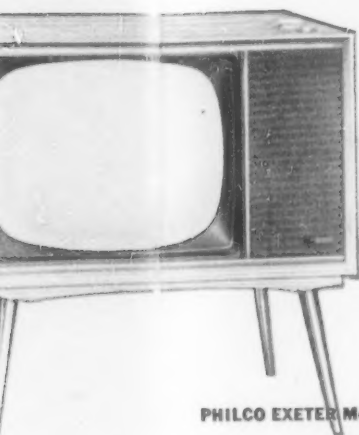




PHILCO MISS AMERICA
\$459.95*



PHILCO MISS CANADA
Model 4656 \$429.95*



PHILCO EXETER Model 4666
\$299.95*



PHILCO BANFF Model 4674
\$379.95*



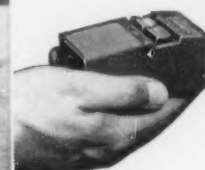
PHILCO S-F SEMI-FLAT PICTURE TUBE

Slimmest ever made for television's most compact cabinets! Exclusive new Magnetic Monitor produces fine, true-focus picture.



PHILCO POP-UP TUNING

A finger touch raises the channel selector, turns on the set. Another touch—the set's turned off, the dial's tucked away!



PHILCO DIRECTA

Exclusive palm-size Remote Control turns set on and off, controls volume, changes channels—without connecting wires!



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2 SPEAKER

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PHILCO MISS AMERICA 4660: Pre-Set fine tuning, 3-speaker Wrap-Around Sound, Pop-Up Tuning—and a cabinet of classic beauty.

PHILCO MISS CANADA 4656: Brings you a crystal-clear 21" picture, convenient

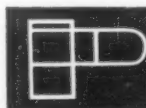
Pop-Up Tuning, television's finest sound system—plus Mastercraft console styling.

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PHILCO GUARANTEE: Picture tube 1 year. Small components 90 days. Philco quality components are available from every authorized Philco Dealer.



PHILCO *years ahead
yet yours today*

PHILCO CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED, DON MILLS, ONTARIO

PHILCO sets the new trends in tele-fashion!

PHILCO PREDICTA

Clock Television

Decorator styled—colorful and compact to match today's decor. Newest features too, including Philco Automatic Clock Controls to turn your programs on and off at pre-set times! Matching magazine stand, slightly extra.

Philco Predicta models start as low as \$279.95*

PHILCO SUSSEX

Swivel Console Model 4682

Swivels right around—beautifully finished front and back so you can use it as a room divider! Wrap-Around Sound, Pre-Set Fine Tuning and a host of 1960 Philco features. **\$439.95***

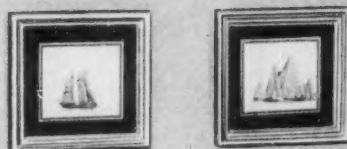


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PHILCO Model 1714
\$299.95*

PHILCO High-Fidelity Stereophonic Phonographs work magic with your favorite music!



PHILCO Model 1609
\$259.95*



PHILCO Model 1709S
\$339.95*
with matching satellite

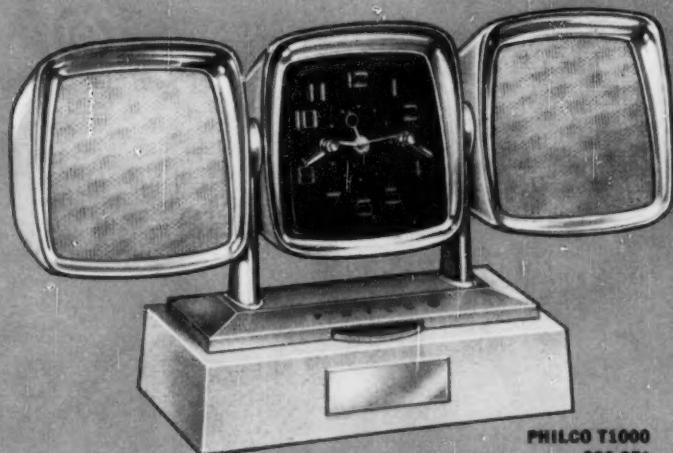
All models include
AM Radio Tuner



The realism of the concert hall, right in your living room—this is the magic of Philco Hi-Fidelity Stereo for 1960. Exclusive Stereo-Dors deliver full-dimensional sound from a single Space-Saver Cabinet—yours exclusively with Philco. And Philco Mastercraft Cabinetry brings your home the beauty you'd expect only from custom-created furniture!

new fashion-wise PHILCO Clock and Mantel Radios

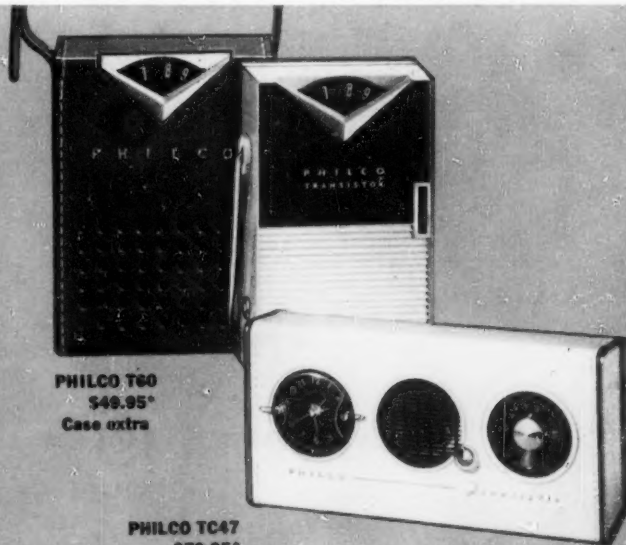
Rich in tone, right in style—Philco Clock and Mantel Radios for 1960! Below is an eye-opening example: the Philco T1000, a two-speaker, 6-transistor radio with full clock controls, designed to sit on your desk or hang handsomely on the wall.



PHILCO T1000
\$99.95*

new eager-to-travel PHILCO Transistor Radios

Powerful little packages of pleasure—Philco Transistor Radios for 1960! Shown below at left: Philco T60, 6-transistor plus diode chassis, with optional leather case. Right: Philco TC47, handsome clock transistor radio in choice of tan or ivory leather finish.



PHILCO T60
\$49.95*
Case extra

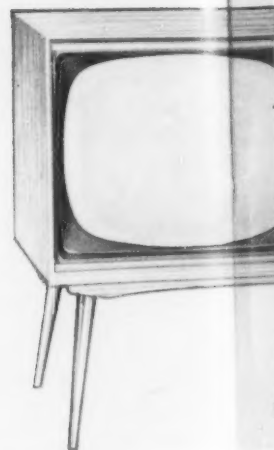
PHILCO TC47
\$79.95*



PHILCO BRISTOL Model 4672
\$349.95*



PHILCO MISS AMERICA
Model 4660 \$459.95*



PHILCO presents "Creations in Quality"— to

New beauty to grace your home . . . new pleasure to delight your family! You enjoy everything that's truly new in television, with Philco for 1960! In Philco Mastercraft Cabinetry, you find graceful lines, fine detail, rich grains—"custom" quality in even the lowest priced Philco. And performance? Philco brings you television's 10 greatest chassis advances . . . plus exclusive Pre-Set Fine Tuning to give you a sharp, clear picture automatically when you change channels!

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Philco M
diffusion
picture.

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NEW!
CORDLESS!
works anywhere



Take the fun with you—with Philco Portable TV!

Presenting the PHILCO SAFARI Model 2010

World's First Transistor Battery-Powered Television

Take it anywhere—enjoy it everywhere! It's the all-transistor Philco Safari. 15 lbs. of portable fun. Fine-screen picture, glare-proof hood, built-in antenna, long-life battery, rich leather case . . . a fabulous "first" from Philco! **\$399.95***

PHILCO
SLENDER SEVENTEENER
Portable TV Model 3055

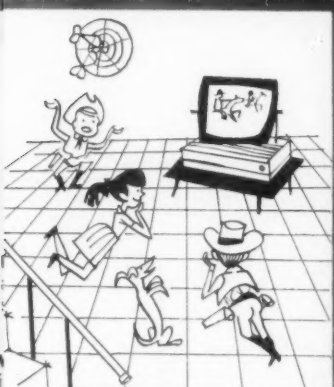
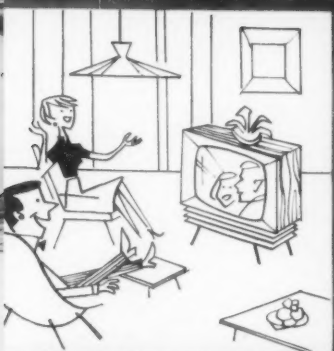
Canada's favorite travelling companion! Slim—less than 12" deep—yet with amazing picture-making power. Handy feature: the leather handle doubles as a rotating antenna!

"New Matic" remote control available at slight additional cost.

Philco Portables start as low as **\$249.95***



fabulous PHILCO TV offer!



Be a
two-set
family
for the
price
of one!

FREE servicing to put your present TV set in good operating condition! FREE splitter-box for two-set reception installed if required. Yes, both are FREE* when you buy a beautiful new Philco TV! Don't lose money on a trade-in when you can be a two-set family for the price of one. Buy now—offer good only until Nov. 15! *Not including TV parts.

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for money saving details

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panorama of
sight and sound
from

PHILCO

marching. A little slower, though, Boxenbaum puffing as he pounded his drum and thirty or thirty-five others feeling the frost in their toes.

The sun went, darkness came quick as a traffic-light change, and the snow began to gleam purple. Tansky felt an ache in his stomach as they slogged past his house and Captain Bercovitch remembered there'd be boiled beef and potatoes for supper but he'd have to pick up the laundry first.

"Hip. HIP. Hip, hip, hip."

To the right the AZA Club House and to the left the poky Polish synagogue where old man Zabitsky searched the black windy street and saw the cadets coming toward him.

"Label. Label, come here."

"I can't, zeyda, it's a parade."

"A parade. Narishkeit. We're short one man for prayers."

"But, zeyda, please."

"No buts, no please. Rosenberg has to say kaddish."

Led by the arm, drum and all, Lionel Zabitsky was pulled from the parade.

"Hey, sir. A casualty."

"Chic-KEN!"

Past Moe's warmly lit cigar store where you could get a lean on rye for fifteen cents and three more cadets defected. Pinsky blew his bugle faint-heartedly and Boxenbaum gave the drum a little bang. Wheeling right and back again up Clark Street five more cadets disappeared into the darkness.

"Hip. Hip. HIP. HIP. HIP."

One of the deserters ran into his father, who was on his way home from work.

"So, what did you learn today?"

"Aw."

"Would you like a hot dog and a Coke before we go home?"

"Sure."

"Okay, but you mustn't say anything to Maw."

Together they watched the out-of-step FFHS Cadet Corps fade under the just-starting fall of big lazy snowflakes.

"It's too cold for a parade. You kids could catch pneumonia out in this weather without scarves or rubbers."

"Mr. James says that in the First World War sometimes they'd march for thirty miles without stop through rain and mud that was knee deep."

"Is that what I pay school fees for?"

"What?"

"Come on. I'll buy you that hot dog."

That summer, the year he graduated, Duddy went to work as a waiter in a hotel in the Laurentian mountains. Rubin's Hôtel Lac des Sables was in Ste. Agathe des Monts and of all the waiters taken on for the summer only Duddy was not a college boy. The others were first- and second-year McGill boys; none had ever been to FFHS—they came from more prosperous families—and Duddy found it difficult. Some of the other employees, like Cuckoo Kaplan, the recreation director, and the boys in Artie Bloom's band, had their own rooms, but all the waiters slept in the same dormitory over the recreation hall that extended above the lake. After a long day's work they often shared a bottle of rye and sang songs. On other nights, when the boys went on midnight swims or to drink beer in Val Morin, Duddy was not invited.

Duddy, alone among the boys, was not rattled by the heat and the hurry, the quarrels and the sometimes spiteful squalor, of the kitchen. The gift of a bottle of rum ensured the cook's good will—Duddy had no trouble getting his orders. In fact he was so quick in the dining room that after two weeks Mr. Rubin gave him

three extra tables. This seemed to antagonize the other boys even more and, provoked by Irwin Shubert, they began to ride Duddy hard.

"It's the cretinous little money-grubbers like Kravitz that cause anti-Semitism," Irwin told the boys.

Irwin Shubert was nineteen. A tall bronzed boy with curly black hair, sleepy black eyes, and a mouth too lavish for his face. Persistently bored and with a tendency to smile knowledgeably, an insider sworn to silence, he seldom lifted his voice above a liquid whisper. His father was one of the most famous criminal lawyers in the province and it was said that Irwin promised to be even more brilliant. He kept his books locked in a suitcase. He owned a marriage manual and a copy of Kraft-Ebbing, but his prize was an enormous, profusely illustrated medical volume that was actually restricted to members of the profession. All these books Irwin feigned to approach with scientific disinterest, but Duddy was not fooled. And he even recommended some reading to Irwin.

"God's Little Acre," he said, "that's the best."

He made this suggestion on his second day at the hotel and thereby also alienated Irwin. Irwin began to bait Duddy when the other boys were there.

"Would you do us all a favor," Irwin asked, flicking Duddy hard enough with a towel to make him wince, "and take a bath. You stink."

But some of the other boys, like Donald Levitt, seemed fond of Duddy. Bernie Altman had once invited Duddy to join him for a beer and said that when he graduated from McGill he was going to go to Israel. Then one morning Bernie discovered ten dollars missing from his wallet.

"I'm missing fifteen," Irwin said.

"But we all went to Val Morin last night," Donald said. "It must be an outsider."

"David didn't come with us," Irwin said.

"I'd better check again," Bernie said. "Maybe I'm mistaken. I could have spent the money and forgotten all about it."

"Sh," Irwin said, "here it comes. The Judas."

The next morning Irwin spoke to Rubin's only daughter.

"Look, Linda, I don't want to cause any trouble. Don't say a word to your father either, because I don't want to get the Kravitz kid fired, but somebody's been stealing money from the boys in the dorm and I want to know if any guests are missing things. Maybe we ought to keep an eye on Kravitz. Mm?"

Sunday, with so many people checking out and new guests constantly arriving, was the most nerve-racking day of the week. At ten p.m., his work finally finished, Duddy went to collapse on his cot. He found a bottle of Scotch lying there with a note. The bottle, it seemed, was a gift from Mr. Holstein who had left that morning without tipping him.

"Aren't you going to offer us a drink?" Irwin asked.

The other boys sat on their cots, heads drooping.

"I'd like to send the bottle to my grandfather. A gift like."

"Oh, it has a grandfather," Irwin said, getting glasses. "Come on, child."

"Let him keep it," Donald said.

Irwin quickly brought Duddy the glasses and he filled them one by one.

"Linda Rubin's got a crush on you," Irwin said. "Did you know that?"

"Aw."

"Never mind. Hotel owners' daughters have fallen for poor boys before. Well,

Canada at home...



A bungalow built of "daydreams" becomes a reality for the Wrights

Dave and Helen Wright fell in love with this two acres of land when they were newlyweds, nine years ago.

Many a Sunday afternoon they drove out here to have a picnic—and to daydream. They pictured themselves owning this property . . . planning their home . . . seeing it take shape on the hillside. Dave still recalls the day they "took the plunge."

"We'd saved the money to buy the land," he'll tell you. "Then we went to work building our 'house fund'—our savings account at Canada Permanent."

Dave, a successful young lawyer, knew about Canada Permanent's wide background in trust services. He liked the high interest Canada Permanent paid on his savings. And he bought Canada Permanent

debentures, so his money grew even faster.

In the meantime, Dave and Helen watched for house ideas, drew up plans, figured expenses. Their "house fund" grew steadily until they were able to start building.

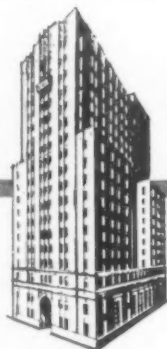
Last month, the Wrights moved into their bright, new home, "And we're keeping our Canada Permanent account going," says Dave. "The family's education, our retirement years—we'll always have something to save for!"

Like the Wrights, you probably have *your* dreams to save for. And *you* will find it pays to use the services of Canada Permanent. During 104 years, generations of Canadians have built for the future with Canada Permanent.



WILLS, ESTATES, TRUSTS—you can put these matters in no safer, friendlier hands than Canada Permanent. Ask for details.

EARN HIGH INTEREST ON SAVINGS through Canada Permanent Debentures. Easy to purchase, approved trustee investment.



Canada Permanent

Established 1855

SAVINGS, MORTGAGE LOANS, TRUST SERVICES

HEAD OFFICE: 320 BAY STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO
BRANCHES: HALIFAX SAINT JOHN MONTREAL PORT HOPE HAMILTON BRANTFORD
WOODSTOCK WINNIPEG REGINA EDMONTON VANCOUVER VICTORIA

59-21

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 26, 1959

à la vot—"Irwin lifted his glass to his mouth, made a horrible face, and spilled its contents on Duddy. "You filthy little swine," he said, "is this your idea of a joke?"

"Wha?"

"Don't any of you touch your glasses. Do you know what this is? A mixture of stale tea and sour salts."

Duddy tasted his drink and his face went white.

"I know we haven't exactly been friendly," Irwin said, "but if this is your idea of how to pay us back—Let's make him drink his, guys. He deserves it."

The other boys, too whacked to fight or decide, began to file out.

"I came in and I found the bottle on the bed," Duddy shouted. "So help me God. You all saw. I came in and the bottle was on my bed."

Irwin started after the others. "You're lucky, Kravitz. They should have made you drink it. What a disgusting stunt."

SHUNNED by the college-boy waiters Duddy began to investigate Ste. Agathe on his own when he had time off.

Some sixty miles from Montreal, set high in the Laurentian hills on the shore of a splendid blue lake, Ste. Agathe des Monts had been made the middle-class Jewish community's own resort town many years ago. Here, as they prospered, the Jews came from Outremont to build summer cottages and hotels and children's camps. Friends and relatives bought plots of land and built their cottages and boathouses competitively, but side by side. There were still some pockets of gentile resistance, it's true. Neither of the two that were still in their hands admitted Jews but that, like the British Raj who still lingered on the Malabar Coast, was not so discomforting as it was touchingly defiant. For even as they played croquet and sipped their gin and tonics behind protecting pines or picket fences they could not miss the loud, swarthy parade outside: the short husbands with their outrageously patterned sports shirts arm in arm with purring wives too obviously full for slacks, the bawling kids with triple-decker ice-cream cones, the squealing teen-agers, and the trailing grandfather with his beard and black hat. They could not step out of their enclaves and avoid the speeding cars with wolf-call horns. The lake was out of the question. Sailboats and canoes had no chance against speedboats, spilling over with relatives and leaving behind a wash of hot dog buns and orange peel.

Rubin's was not the only Jewish resort in Ste. Agathe, but Rubin's had, in the shape of Cuckoo Kaplan, Ste. Agathe's undisputed number-one comic.

"Cuckoo may be a Montreal boy," Rubin said, "but he's no *shnook*. He's played night clubs in the States."

Cuckoo was billed as Montreal's Own Danny Kaye and his name and jokes often figured in Mel West's *What's What*. Short and wiry with a frantic, itchy face, Cuckoo was ubiquitous. At breakfast he'd pop up from under a table to crack an egg on a bald man's head and at midnight he'd suddenly race through the dance hall in a Gay Nineties bathing suit and dive through a window into the lake. He always had a surprise for lunch too. Once he'd chase the cook through the dining room with a meat cleaver and later in the week chances were he'd hold up two falsies, saying he had found them on the beach, and ask the owner to claim them.

Cuckoo's father couldn't understand him. "What is it with you, Chaim? For a lousy ninety dollars a week," he said,

"to make a fool of yourself in front of all those strangers."

But Cuckoo was adored in Ste. Agathe. Guests from all the other hotels came to Rubin's on Saturday night to catch his act.

Duddy, too, was most impressed with Cuckoo and he used to bring him breakfast in bed. Cuckoo could see that the boy was lonely and he didn't mind when he came to his room late at night to talk. And sometimes, if Duddy stayed long enough, Cuckoo tried out one of his new routines on him. But first he'd say, "You've got to be honest with me. I want to know exactly what you think. I can take it."

Duddy was flattered by the tryouts in the small bedroom and every one of Cuckoo's routines made him howl.

"You kill me, Cuckoo. My sides hurt me, honest."

"You liked it?"

"Laugh, I could die."

When Cuckoo was depressed after playing to a hostile house on a Saturday night Duddy would hurry to his bedroom with a pitcher of ice cubes and sandwiches. "Look," he'd say, "you think it was always such a breeze for Danny Kaye when he was playing the borsht circuit?" On and on Duddy would talk while Cuckoo consumed rye with alarming haste. When Cuckoo replied at last, he'd say in a slurred voice, "That's show biz, I guess. That's show biz." It was his favorite expression.

Duddy told Cuckoo about some of his business ideas.

Next summer, he thought, he might try to set up in the movie-rental business. All he needed was a truck, a projector, and a guy to run the camera, and with a good movie, playing a different resort each night, he would rake in no fortune, but . . . Another idea he had was to make color movies of weddings and bar-mitz-

vahs. There might be a gold mine in this.

Duddy had been putting money in the bank since he was eleven and in his first month at Rubin's he had earned nearly three hundred dollars in tips, but what he needed was a real stake.

At night, lying exhausted on his cot, he realized how little money he had in big-business terms and he dreamed about his future. He knew what he wanted, and that was to own his own land and to be rich, a somebody, but he was not sure of the smartest way to go about it. He was confident. But there had been other comers before him. South America, for instance, could no longer be discovered. It had been found. Toni Home Permanent had been invented. Another guy had already thought up Kleenex. But there was something out there, like let's say the atom-bomb formula before it had been discovered, and Duddy dreamed that he would find it and make his fortune. He had his heroes. There was the stranger who had walked into the Coca-Cola Company before it had made its name and said, "I'll write down two words on a piece of paper, and if you use my idea I want a partnership in the company." The two words were "Bottle it," and Coca-Cola became what it is today. Don't forget, either, the man who saved that salmon company from bankruptcy with the slogan, "This salmon is guaranteed not to turn pink in the can." There was the founder of the Reader's Digest—he'd made his pile too. The man who thought up the supermarket must have been another *shnook* of a small grocer once. There was a day when even the Boy Wonder gathered and sold street-car transfers. Rockefeller himself had been poor once. Sure, everyone had to make a start, but it was getting late. Duddy was already seventeen and a half and sure as hell he didn't want to wait on tables for the rest of his life. He needed

a stake. When he got back to Montreal in the autumn he would speak to his father and go to see the Boy Wonder.

"I'm not," he once told Cuckoo Kaplan, "the kind of a jerk who walks around deaf and dumb. I keep my eyes peeled." And already Duddy had plenty of ideas. He had even had letterheads printed—Dudley Kane, Sales Agent—and every week he marked the advertising section of the Sunday edition of the New York Times for novelties, bargains and possible agencies. That was a hint he had picked up from Mr. Cohen, whose family was staying at Rubin's for the entire summer.

DUDDY watched all the businessmen who came to the hotel. He made sure they got to know him, too, and that they made no mistake about his being a waiter. That was temporary. He watched the way they avoided their wives and the sun and sat around playing poker and talking about the market and the boom in real estate. Most of them ate too much and took pills. One, a Mr. Farber, had summoned Duddy to his table on his first day at the hotel and torn a hundred-dollar bill in two and given Duddy half of it. "We're here for the season," he had said, "and we want snappy service. You give it to us and the other half of this note is yours. Okay, kid?"

Duddy replied to several advertisements in the Times. He was, at one time, interested in a new soap that was guaranteed not to sting the eyes. He tried desperately to win the Quebec agency for a new vending machine, one that would make keys while you wait, but the contract went to another man.

Duddy dreamed, he planned, he lay awake nights smoking, and meanwhile Irwin continued to torment him. One night a bottle of ketchup was emptied on his sheets and another time his pyjama legs were sewn together. Once he discovered a dead mouse in his serving-jacket pocket and twice his salt shakers were filled with sand.

"There's nothing that little fiend wouldn't do for a dollar," Irwin told Linda, "and that's how I'm going to teach him a lesson. I've got it all figured out."

It was a long hot summer. The hurry and brawls in the kitchen quickened and the competition for tips got fiercer. Soon a misplaced toothpaste tube or a borrowed towel was enough to set one boy violently against another. Bernie Altman lost seven pounds and circles swelled under Donald Levitt's eyes, but Duddy showed no signs of fatigue. One afternoon, however, he felt faint and searched for a place to rest. He didn't dare go to the beach because he was a lousy swimmer and Irwin was certainly there, anyway, and he would ridicule his thin white body again, making the girls laugh. The garden was no use because he would surely be asked to fetch a handbag from a third-floor bedroom or search for a misplaced pair of sunglasses. So Duddy wandered round to the back of the hotel and sat down on a rock. It was so different here from the beach or the main entrance with its flower beds and multi-colored umbrellas and manicured lawns. Flies buzzed round a heap of garbage pails, and sheets and towels flapped on a dozen different lines that ran from the fire escapes to numerous poles. A group of chambermaids and kitchen helpers, permanent staff, sat on the fire escape. Dull, motionless, their eyelids heavy, they smoked in silence. Yvette, the second-floor chambermaid, waved at Duddy, another girl smiled wearily. But Duddy didn't wave back and he didn't join them.

JASPER

By Simpkins



"It must be good to eat. Everybody was fighting for it."



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He returned the next afternoon, however,
and the afternoon after that, and each
time he sat nearer to the drained, ex-
pressionless group on the fire escape.
On Sunday afternoon he brought six
bottles of ice-cold beer with him, laid
them on the steps, shrugged his shoul-
ders, and walked off to his room again.
Yvette went over to him.

"Is the beer for us?"

"Let's not make a fuss, eh? I got some
big tips today, that's all."

"You're very nice. Thanks."

"Aw."

"Won't you join us?"

"I've got to get back," he said. "See
you," and he hurried off, embarrassed, to
the dormitory. He found Irwin going
through his suitcase there. "Hey!"

"Somebody stole my watch."

"Keep away from my stuff or you'll
get this," Duddy said, making a fist.
"You'll get this right in the kisser."

"Really?" Irwin laughed, but he re-
treated. "Well," he said. "Well, well."

A COUPLE of afternoons later Irwin
rushed into the dormitory. "Do you
know what Duddy told Linda Rubin this
afternoon?" he asked the boys. "Some
fantastic story about a brother Bradley
who owns a ranch in Arizona."

"So?"

"I happen to know he only has one
brother. He's in pre-med, I think."

"All right. He lied. Big deal."

"He's taking Linda out tonight," Irwin
said in his liquid whisper.

Linda was Rubin's only child, and al-
ready considered as Irwin's girl.

"What?"

"Aren't you worried?"

"No," Irwin said, smiling a little.
"Should I be?"

When Duddy entered the dormitory
a half hour later the boys watched ap-
prehensively as he shaved and pressed his
trousers and shined his shoes. Bernie Alt-
man would have liked to warn him that
something was up, but Irwin was there,
and it was impossible.

Duddy was pleased, but he felt jumpy
too. He didn't know much about broads.
Over the years there had naturally been
lots of rumors and reports. But Linda
was something else. Soft, curvy, and nifty
enough for one of those snazzy fashion
magazines, she seemed just about the
most assured girl Duddy had ever met.
She had been to Mexico and New York
and sometimes she used words that made
Duddy blush. Her cigarette holder, ac-
quired on a trip to Europe, was made of
real elephant tusk. At night in the re-
creation hall she seldom danced but usu-
ally sat at the bar joking with Irwin and
other favorites. Every afternoon she went
riding and Duddy had often seen her
starting down the dirt road to the stables,
beating her whip against her boot. Linda
was nineteen and the daughter of a hotel
owner—she was maybe an inch and some
taller than he was too—and Duddy
couldn't understand why she wanted to
go out with him. He'd been leading Thunder
back to the stables when he had
run into her.

"Day off today?"

"Yeah."

"Where do you go from here?"

Duddy shrugged.

"Buy me a drink?"

"Wha?"

"I'm thirsty."

"Sure. Sure thing."

He took her to the Laurentide Ice-
cream Bar.

"No," she said. "A drink."

It was not even dark yet.

"Let's go to the Chalet," she said.

The bartender there greeted her warm-

ly. Luckily Duddy had lots of money on
him because she drank quickly. Not beer,
either.

He told her about his brother Bradley
and that the Boy Wonder, an intimate of
his father's, was willing to back him in
any line he chose.

"Why don't you take me dancing to-
night?"

"Wha?"

"I can be ready at nine."

Duddy drank three cups of black coffee
and took a swim to clear his head before
he returned to the dormitory. Irwin,
lying on the bed, made him nervous—
Linda was supposed to be his girl—and
Duddy couldn't understand why the
others watched him so apprehensively
while he dressed.

He took half an hour combing his hair
into a pompadour with the help of lots
of brilliantine. He selected from among
his shirts a new one with red and black
checks and the tie he chose was white
with a black-and-blue pattern of golf
balls and clubs. His green sports jacket
had wide shoulders, a one-button roll,
and brown checks. A crease had been
sewn into his grey flannel trousers. He
wore two-tone shoes.

Bernie Altman looked hard at Irwin
and stopped Duddy as he was going out.
"Listen," he said. "I'll lend you my suit
if you like."

"Jeez, that's nice of you, Bernie. I'm
going dancing tonight. But this is the
first chance I've had to wear this jacket.
A heavy date, you know. Thanks any-
way."

Irwin choked his laughter with his
pillow.

"Look, Duddy, I—Oh, what's the use?
Have a good time."

Outside, Linda leaned on the horn of
her father's station wagon. Duddy ran.

DUDDY and Linda drove to the Hill-
top Lodge, the resort with the best
band, and ordered Scotch on the rocks.
Many of the bright young people there
waited and others stopped at their table.
Two or three raised their eyebrows or
looked puzzled when they saw that Linda
was with Duddy. "We're engaged," Linda
said. "He uses Ponds."

One boy asked, "What gives tonight,
precious one? Sociology 101?"

"Get lost," Linda said.

Duddy danced with her three or four
times. She was okay on the slow ones,
but when the band played something
hot, a boogie-woogie, for instance, Duddy
switched to his free-swinging FFHS Tea
Dance style and all at once the floor was
cleared and everyone stood around
watching. At first this seemed to delight
Linda, she laughed a lot, but the second
time round she got embarrassed and quit
on Duddy in the middle of a dance. Once,
during a slow number, he held her too
close.

"Please," she said.

Linda invited three others to their
table and Duddy ordered drinks for them.
Melvin Lerner, a dentistry student, held
hands with Jewel Freed. They were both
working at Camp Forest Land. The other
man, Peter Butler, was bearded and
somewhat older than the others; he was
thirty maybe. Butler lived in Ste. Agathe
all year round; he had built his own
house on a secluded part of the lake.

"Peter's a painter," Linda said to
Duddy.

"Inside or outside?"

"That's good," Peter said. "That's very
good." He slapped his knees again and
again.

Duddy looked puzzled.

"He's not joking," Linda said. "Peter's
not a house painter, Duddy. He paints

**Oooh! My aching
arm!**



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pictures. Peter is a non-figurative painter."

"Like Norman Rockwell," Peter said, laughing some more.

Melvin and Jewel got up to dance. "Do you mind if I dance this one with Linda?" Peter asked.

"Sure. Sure thing."

Peter and Linda danced two slow numbers together and when Duddy looked up again they were gone. An hour later Linda returned alone, her face flushed. "I need a drink," she said. "A big one."

So Duddy ordered another round. Maybe it was the liquor—he was certainly not used to it—but all at once it seemed to him that Linda had changed. Her voice softened and she began to ask him lots of questions about his plans for the future. She was not ridiculing him any more, he was sure of that, and he was no longer afraid of her. From time to time the room swayed around him and he was glad he wasn't the one who would have to drive home. But dizzy as he was he felt fine. He no longer heard all her remarks, however, because he was thinking that hotel owners' daughters had fallen for poor boys before and, given a shot at it, there were lots of improvements he could make at Rubin's.

"Well, Duddy, what do you say?"

"Wha'?"

"Are you game?"

The room rocked.

"Tell me if you don't want to. I won't be angry. Maybe Irwin would..."

"No, no. I'll do it."

"It'll give you a good start on your stake."

"Sure. Sure thing."

She helped him outside and into the station wagon. His head rolling and jerking loose each time they hit a bump, Duddy tried, he tried hard, to remember what he had agreed to. He had told some lies about himself and the Boy Wonder, they had talked about the gambling house he ran, and the conversation had come round to roulette. Duddy pretended to be an expert and Linda just happened to own a wheel. That's it. Then, what? He told her he had already earned more than four hundred dollars in tips and Linda said that was plenty. Plenty? Plenty for him to act as banker for the roulette game they were going to run in the recreation hall beginning at 1 a.m. Sunday morning. Wouldn't her father object? No, not if ten percent of each win went into a box for the Jewish National Fund. He couldn't lose—there was that too. She told him so. He might even come out a few hundred dollars ahead and he needed a stake, didn't he? Sure. Sure thing.

"Can you make it upstairs yourself?"

"Sure."

"Aren't you going to kiss Linda before you go?"

"Mm."

"Good night, Duddy."

"G'night."

THAT was Wednesday, and in the three days to go before the game Duddy began to fear for his money. "Sure you could win," Cuckoo said, "but you could lose too. If I were you I wouldn't do it." Then people began to stop him in the lobby or on the beach.

"I'll be there, kid," Paddy said.

Farber slapped him on the back and winked. "Count me in," he said.

Ed Planter invited him to his table for a drink Friday night.

Mr. Cohen stopped him outside the gym. "Is it okay if I bring along a couple of pals?"

The Boy Wonder, Duddy thought,



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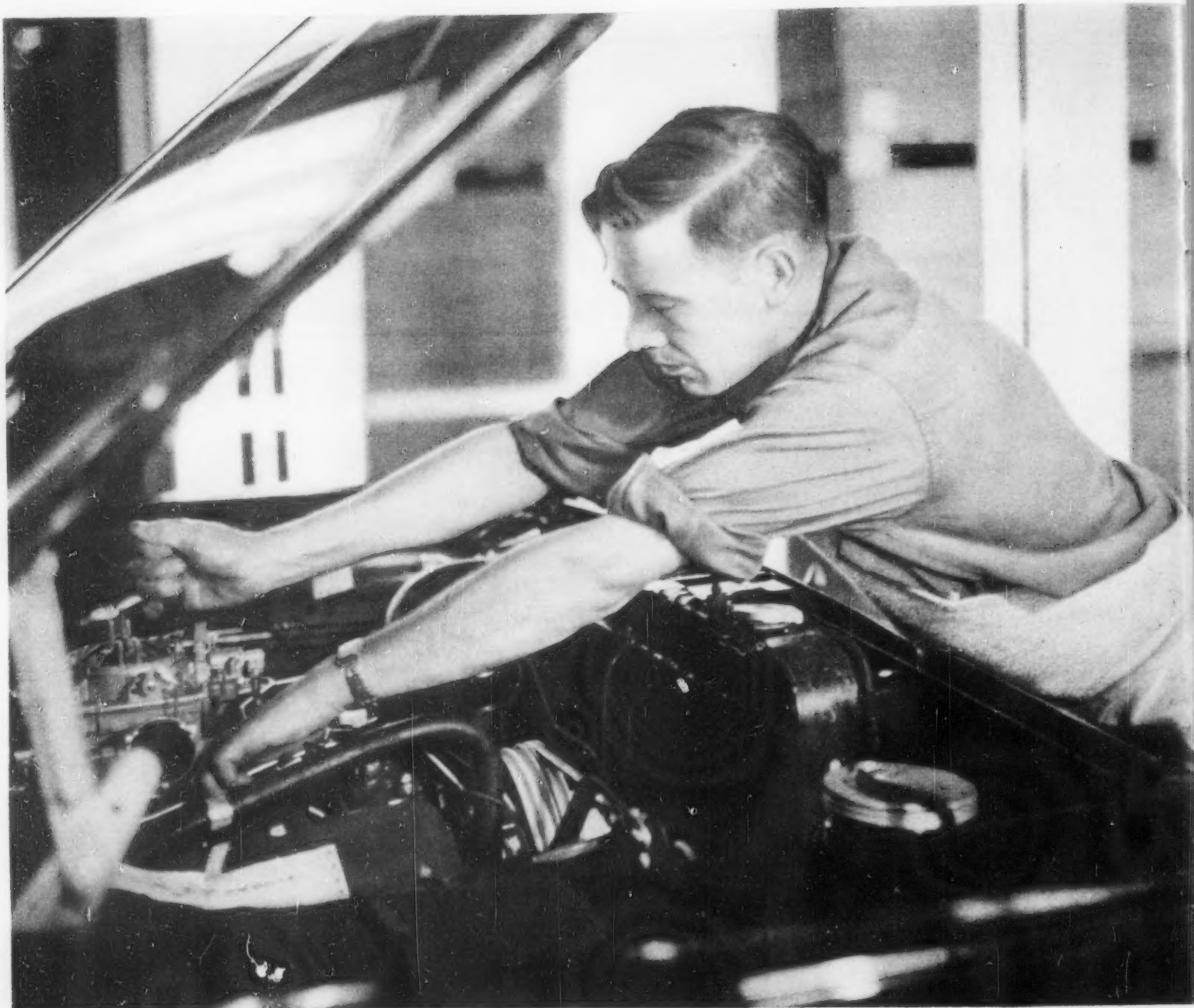
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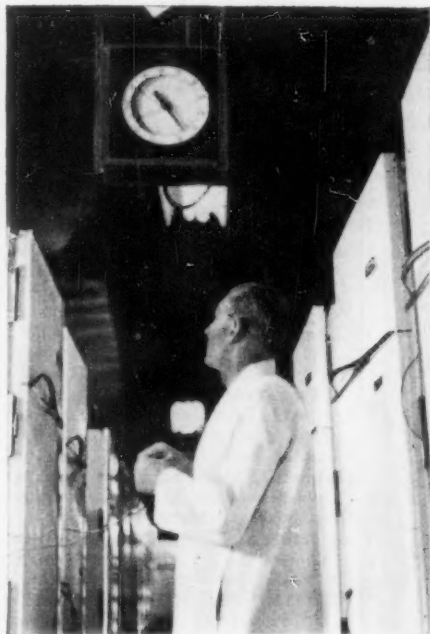
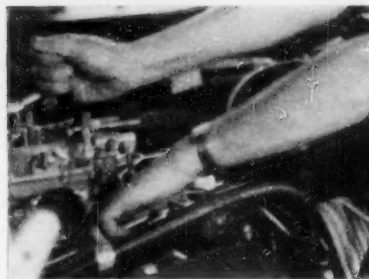
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would not chicken out in a situation like this. He would be cool. But Duddy couldn't sleep Friday night and he was ashamed to go and tell Cuckoo again that he was scared. He wouldn't want Linda or Irwin to know that, either. It was so nice, too. Suddenly people looking at him and smiling the way they did at women with babies. He no longer had to go round to the back of the hotel to sit with the kitchen help and chambermaids for companionship. Aw, the hell. Duddy figured out that if the bank ever dropped below one hundred dollars he

would stop the game, but he withdrew three hundred just in case. Linda took him aside on Saturday afternoon. "Maybe we'd better call it off," she said.

"Why?"

"You might lose."

"You said I couldn't lose."

"I said, I said. How do I know?"

"I'm not calling it off. I can't. All those people. Jeez."

Cuckoo pleaded with him once more.

"But what if you lose, Duddy?"

"Simple," Duddy said. "If I lose I drown myself. That's show biz."

On Sunday night the boys in Artie Bloom's band, who were in on the story, broke up early and everyone pretended to be going off to bed or somewhere else. The lights in the recreation hall were turned out and the front door was locked. Fifteen minutes later some of the lights were turned on again and a side door was opened. The players began to arrive. Duddy set up the table and announced the odds in a failing voice. He would pay thirty to one on a full number and the top bet allowed was fifty cents. That would pay fifteen dollars,

one-fifty of which would go into the JNF box. Linda, who was helping him, began to sell change. Farber bought five dollars' worth and Mr. Cohen asked for ten. Once Duddy had counted forty players in the hall he asked for the door to be shut.

"Don't worry," Linda said. "The more players, the more money on the board, the better it is for the bank."

But Duddy insisted.

"I'll only take ten dollars' worth for a start," Irwin said.

Duddy looked sharply at Linda and it seemed to him that she was even more frightened than he was. "Okay," he said. "Place your bets."

Duddy counted at least thirty dollars on the first run. Jeez, he thought. His hands shaky he was just about to spin the wheel when a voice in the darkness shouted, "Nobody leave. This is a raid."

"Wha'?"

"My men have got the place surrounded. No funny stuff, please."

A spotlight was turned on and revealed was Cuckoo Kaplan in a Keystone Cop costume. His night stick was made of rubber.

"Jeez."

"You're a dirty pig, Cuckoo."

"Some cop."

"Come on, Cuckoo. Gimme a number. I'll place a bet for you. Quick."

Duddy shut his eyes and spun the wheel and number thirty-two came up. Nobody was on it. He paid off even money on two blacks, that's all.

"Dix-sept, vingt," Mrs. Cohen said.

"Cheval."

"Oi-oi," Mr. Cohen said.

"Wha'?"

"She wants it on the line between seventeen and twenty," Linda said.

Cuckoo took off his shoe, reached into an outlandishly patched sock, and pulled out a dollar bill. "Rubin just gave me an advance on next year's salary. He's crying in the kitchen right now."

"Cuckoo!"

"Put the works on number six for me, but I can't look."

After an hour of play Duddy was ahead more than two hundred dollars. "I'll tell you what," he said. "Lots of you seem to be losing. I'm no chiseler. From now on you can bet a dollar on a number if you want."

That's when Irwin changed another twenty-five dollars and sat down at the table and began to play in earnest. His bets seemed to follow no apparent pattern. On each spin of the wheel he placed a dollar on numbers fifteen, six, thirty-two, three, and twelve, and it was only the next morning when he looked closely



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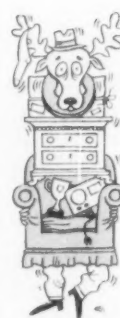
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at the wheel that Duddy realized these numbers ran together there. Irwin won; he didn't win on each spin, but whenever one of his numbers came up he collected thirty dollars and twice if his number repeated. Others, riding his streak of luck, began to bet with him, and once Duddy had to pay off three different people on number three. That cost him ninety dollars, not counting the side and corner bets.

"Don't worry," Irwin said. "David's father is in the transport business. He doesn't really have to work as a waiter."

Duddy turned to Linda, his look astonished.

"His brother Bradley is a big rancher in Arizona," Irwin said. "All David has to do is wire him for more money."

By two-thirty Duddy had lost nearly three hundred dollars.

"It's getting late," Mrs. Farber said. Ed Planter yawned and stretched.

"Don't go," Duddy said. "Not yet, please. Give me a chance to win some of my money back."

Farber saw that Duddy was extremely pale.

"Don't worry, kid," Mr. Cohen said. "Your luck will change."

But Duddy's luck didn't change, it got worse, and nobody at the table joked any more. The men could see that the boy's cheeks were burning hot, his eyes were red, and his shirt adhered to his back. When Duddy paid out on a number his hands shook.

"It's nothing to him," Irwin said, smiling a little. "David is an intimate of Jerry Dingleman's."

Cuckoo pulled Irwin aside. "It's your wheel, you miserable *ganiff*. I found out."

"Really?"

"Do you know how hard that kid works for his money?"

Irwin tried to turn away, but Cuckoo seized him by the arm. "I'm going to speak to Rubin," he said. "First thing tomorrow morning I'm going to talk to him."

"Linda and I are going to be engaged," Irwin said. "Rubin is very pleased about that. I thought maybe you'd like to know."

"Come on," Duddy said. "Place your bets. Let's not waste time."

The men at the table were tired and wanted to go to bed, but they were also ashamed of winning so much money from a seventeen-year-old boy and they began to play recklessly, trying to lose. It was no use.

"We want to see you upstairs later, Irwin," Bernie Altman said.

On the next spin Duddy went broke and he had to close the game.

"That's show biz," Irwin said. "Right, Cuckoo?"

The men filed out without looking at Duddy, but Linda stayed on after the others had gone.

"Thanks," Duddy said. "Thanks a lot."

"How much did you lose?"

"Everything. Three hundred dollars."

Duddy began to scream. "You said I couldn't lose. You told me it was impossible for me to lose."

"I'm sorry, Duddy. I had no idea that—"

"Aw, go to hell. Just go to hell, please." He gave the wheel a shove, knocking it over, and rushed outside. Once on the beach he could no longer quell his stomach. Duddy was sick. He sat on a rock, holding his head in his hands, and he began to sob bitterly.

"Hey," Cuckoo shouted, entering the lobby, "has anybody here seen Duddy?"

"No."

"He still hasn't shown up at the dorm,"

Bernie said. "It's more than an hour now . . ."

"What's going on here?" Rubin demanded. "I'm the boss here."

Duddy clenched his teeth and pulled his hair until it hurt. "Damn it, damn it," he said. Some stake. Six weeks of hard work and not a cent to show for it. He was back where he'd started from. Worse. He was probably a laughing stock too. Jeez, he thought.

Some scraping on the sand disturbed him and Duddy hid behind a rock. He recognized Cuckoo's voice.

"Somebody saw him run toward the beach. There's no telling what he might do."

Linda said something he couldn't make out and Cuckoo's reply was lost in the wind. Then he heard Linda say, "I knew it was his wheel, but I never thought . . ."

Footsteps approached from another direction. Somebody had a flashlight.

"Duddy!"

Let them think I've drowned, he thought. It would serve them right. He had seen a drowned woman once at Shawbridge, and the thought of his own

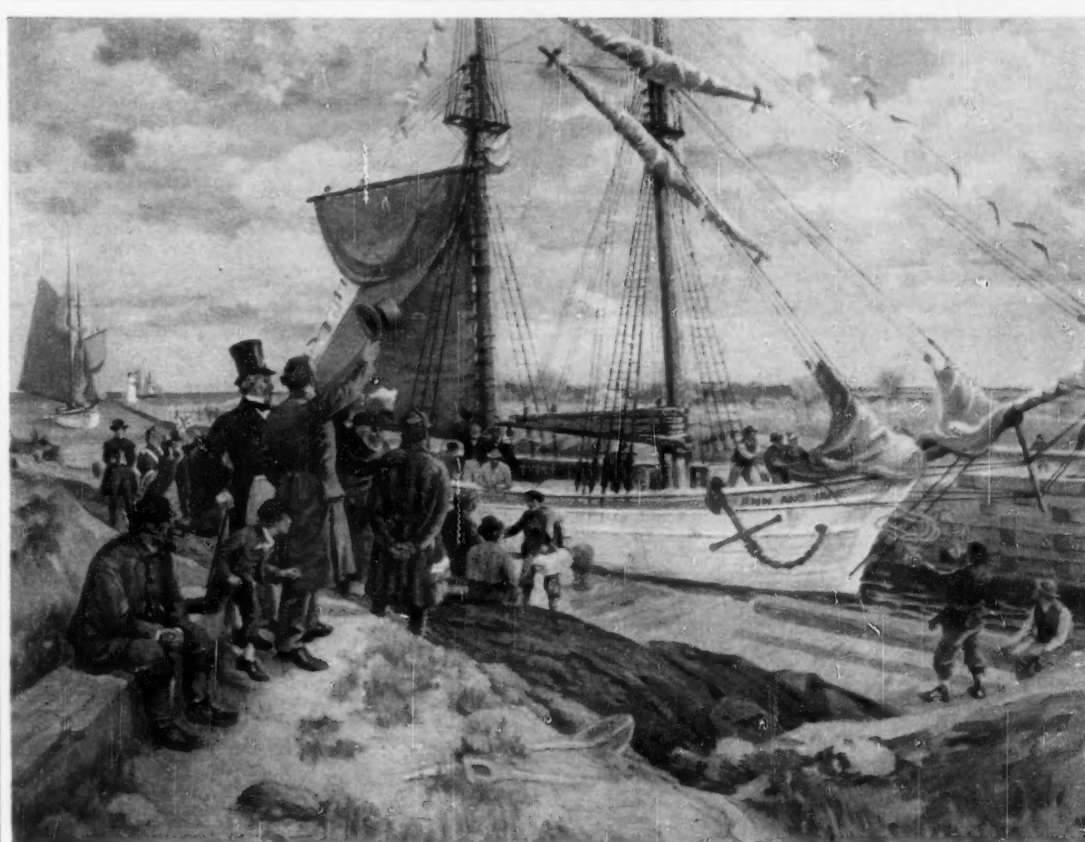
face bloated like that — Irwin hanging for it, and his father maybe feeling sorry he hadn't treated him as well as Lennie — made a hot lump in Duddy's throat. He began to sob again.

"DUDDY!"

There was a dip of oars and a rippling in the water. A boat had started out.

"HAL-LO! DUDDY!"

Scampering barefooted across the sand, Duddy broke for the protecting woods. He heard Rubin's gruff voice, "That little fool, I'll kill him. There was a drowning at the Hilltop Lodge once and the next



Original painting by J. D. Kelly from the Confederation Life collection of Historical Canadian scenes.

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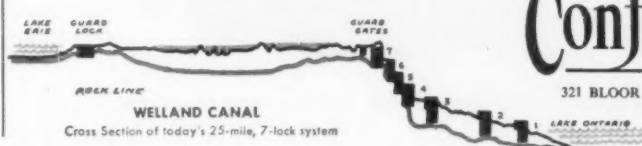
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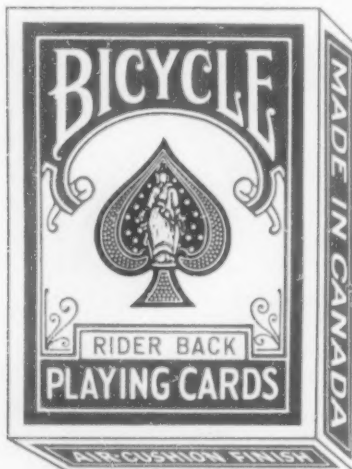
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day there weren't two guests left at the hotel. If this got into the papers it could ruin . . ."

Duddy was seized by an uncontrollable fit of laughter. He rolled over in the grass, biting his arm to muffle the noise. " . . . send for the cops?"

Next came Rubin's voice. "Oh, no you don't. No cops. I'll choke him to death."

DUDDY came out on a dirt road on the other side of the woods and started back into Ste. Agathe. Three times he stopped, his laughter immense. The thought of them searching for him all through the night and Irwin certainly catching it galore almost made him forget the three hundred dollars. Almost, but not quite.

Pyjama-clad guests drifted down into the lobby one by one.

"I wouldn't like to be in your shoes, Rubin."

"Who asked you?"

"How could you let a seventeen-year-old kid lose all his tips in a roulette game?"

"I knew nothing about it. I swear I—"

"Save it for the reporters tomorrow. When they drag the kid out of the lake—"

"Bite your tongue," Rubin shouted.

"The poor kid."

"The poor kid," Rubin said. "What about me?"

"Next season it's the Hilltop Lodge for me," Mrs. Dunsy said.

"Me too," Mrs. Farber said.

Rubin reminded his guests that there had been a case of ptomaine poisoning at the Hilltop Lodge last year.

"You think your food goes down so good, Rubin? Around the corner at the drugstore bicarbonate sales are booming."

"We're doing everything humanly possible," Rubin said. "All the boys are out searching."

"The bottom of the lake?"

The guests stared accusingly at Rubin. "Why don't you all just go to sleep," he said.

"In a hotel where tragedy has just struck?"

"Bite your tongue!"

"Tomorrow," Paddy said, "you can change the name from the Hôtel Lac des Sables to Rubin's Haunted Hotel."

"All right," Rubin said.

"Already it's beginning to feel spooky in here. Hey, open up the bar, Rubin."

"Yeah, we could do with some salami

sandwiches too. This is going to be a long night."

"All right," Rubin said. "All right."

Circling back over the highway Duddy re-entered Ste. Agathe through those streets, remote from the lake, where the French Canadians lived. His legs ached from the long hike; he was starved and searched for an open restaurant. He found a French-Canadian chip place open on the edge of town. Yvette, one of Rubin's chambermaids, was there.

"Duddy!"

Duddy didn't realize it, but his clothing was muddy and he had ripped his shirt in the bushes.

"What happened?"

Duddy doubled over with laughter again.

"Were you in a fight?"

He sat down and told her, between explosions of laughter, what had happened. Yvette felt rotten about the three hundred dollars, but when he got to the part about Rubin she began to laugh too.

"Have something else?"

Duddy had already consumed three hot dogs and two orders of chips.

"I think they want to close," he said.

"Why don't we go for a walk?"

Avoiding the main streets and the lake-shore, or anywhere he might run into a searching party, they started out together holding hands. She led him toward the railroad tracks as the stars started to fade and light began to spread across the sky. Duddy saw for the first time the part of Ste. Agathe where the poorer French Canadians lived and the summer residents and tourists never came. The unpainted houses had been washed grey by the wind and the rain. Roosters crowed in yards crowded with junk and small, hopeless vegetable patches and Duddy was reminded of his grandfather and St. Dominique Street, and he promised himself to send the old man a postcard tomorrow. There were faded Robin Hood flour signs on some walls and here and there a barn roof a window had been healed with a tin Sweet Caporal sign.

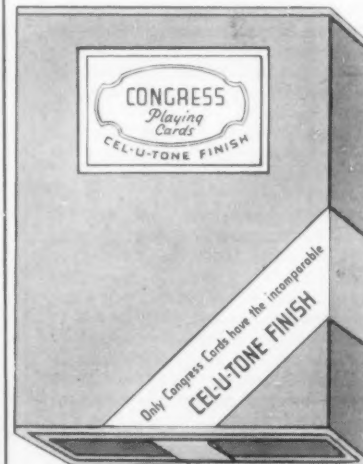
"This way," Yvette said.

Crossing the tracks they came out on a rocky slope on the edge of the mountain. The dew soon soaked through Duddy's shoes and trouser bottoms. His body ached. The excitement of the game and search past, he longed for his bed, but Yvette led him deeper into the field. Down a bumpy hill and up the other side onto a flat table of a rock. There she made him rest.



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"It's so nice to see you lie still for once," she said.

"Wha'?"

"You're always running or jumping or scratching . . ."

Duddy was surprised and flattered to discover that anyone cared enough to watch him so closely. "I like you," he said.

"Do you think I'm pretty?"

"Sure. Sure thing."

He edged closer to her and, to his surprise, she didn't withdraw. She kissed him.

Jeez, he thought, if the guys could see me now.

"You're my speed, Yvette. You're for me."

They returned to Ste. Agathe by another route, separating before they reached the lakeshore. Yvette kissed him on the cheek. "You work too hard," she said. "There's nothing but bones . . ."

"Aw."

She told him that she was off on Wednesday afternoon.

"Let's go swimming," he said.

IT was almost nine when Duddy entered the lobby of the Hôtel Lac des Sables and the guests were beginning to come down for breakfast.

"Duddy!"

"He's all right."

"Thank God!"

"It's the Kravitz boy. He's back."

Guests came rushing out of the dining room and smiled, still clutching orange juices or slices of toast. Linda embraced Duddy in front of everybody. "Boy," she said, "am I ever glad to see you!"

Rubin slapped him on the back. Duddy could see that he hadn't shaved yet. Probably he'd been up all night.

"Are you okay?" Bernie asked.

"Sure."

The guests cheered when he entered the dining room.

"Don't worry," Mr. Cohen said with a meaningful wink. "Everything's going to work out fine."

Duddy looked puzzled.

"He can take the next two days off," Rubin announced in a booming voice. There was some applause. "But no complaints please if the service is slow. Duddy's my top man in the dining room."

"If the service is slow. Is that what the man said?"

After breakfast Duddy went to the dormitory. He had only just sat down on the bed to rest when Bernie and Donald came in. They had brought Irwin with them. "He has something for you," Bernie said severely.

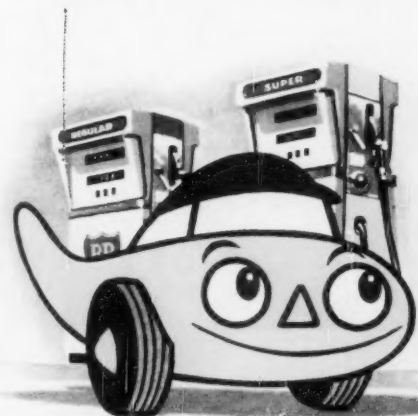
Irwin smiled.

"Give it to him."

"I want to tell you how thrilled I am."

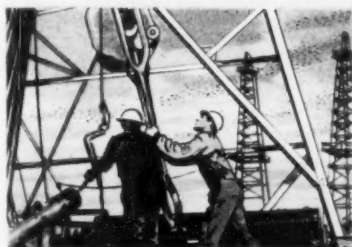


"To quote our president" says "Mr. Beep"



"You have a right to know the facts."

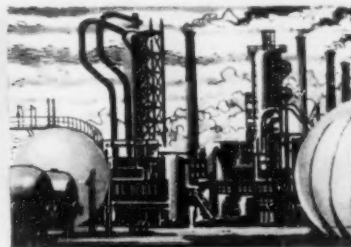
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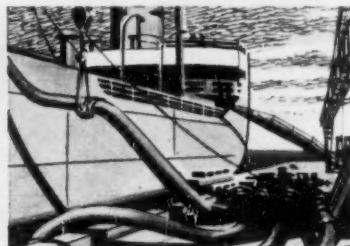
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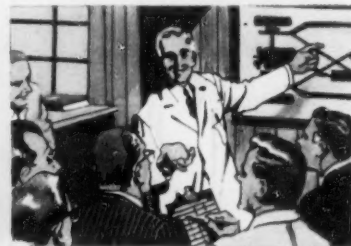
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Irwin said, "that you didn't drown I was so worried."

"Give it to him right now, please."

Irwin handed over his winnings. It was just short of three hundred dollars. "I intended to return the money anyway," he said.

"Jeez."

"Nobody's going to know about this, Duddy," Bernie said, "so don't worry."

"They were afraid you might be too proud to take the money," Irwin said.

"Isn't that amusing?"

"Shettup, Irwin."

"You cheated me. You arranged it all with Linda and the wheel was crooked. I hope you had a good laugh."

"The wheel wasn't crooked."

"Cheaters never prosper," Duddy said. "I hope this'll be a good lesson for you. I hope you'll profit from it in the future."

THAT night a delegation comprised of Farber, Mr. Cohen, and Paddy invited Duddy to have a drink with them in the recreation hall. Mr. Cohen, ever since he had winked meaningfully at Duddy, had been an awfully busy man.

All morning and most of the afternoon he had waylaid guests in the lobby and on the beach and even — once the word had got out — in their rooms. "Think of what the poor kid must be going through," he'd say for a starter.

"It's my fault maybe."

"Look," he'd say, "if you can afford a month here you can afford this. Would it be better to spend the money on doctors?"

Everyone smiled at the delegation when they sat down at the bar with Duddy. Mr. Cohen held out a large en-

velope. "We want a promise from you first," he said.

"What?"

"How much did you lose last night?"

"Three hundred bucks, but —"

"No buts, Duddy. You've got to promise us no more roulette. Finished."

"Sure."

He handed Duddy the envelope. "It's from all the guests together. A hundred, and forty-two contributors."

"I don't get it."

"I may have given more than Farber but we're not saying. Twenty dollars is the same as five," Mr. Cohen said, looking hard at Farber. "It's the spirit that counts."

"I don't know what to say. I mean . . ." Duddy pressed the envelope, testing it for thickness and substance. " . . . well, thanks . . ."

"You'd better go to sleep now. You must be tired."

Duddy rushed upstairs, emptied the envelope on his bed, and started to count the money. There was close to five hundred dollars in the envelope. Duddy laughed, he shouted. He rolled over on the floor and did a couple of somersaults.

"Hi."

It was Linda.

"I had no idea Irwin was going to bet that much. Honestly, I didn't."

With all your college education, he thought, what are you? A couple of crooks. "Sure," he said tightly.

"Do you really think we were after your money?"

Will you go, please, he thought, I work for your father but that doesn't mean I have to talk to you.

"I've broken with Irwin."

"Congratulations."

"It was a bad joke, I'm sorry. But I had no idea —"

" — that the wheel was crooked?"

"The wheel wasn't crooked. But it's only a toy and it's an old one. It has certain tendencies. Irwin knew them."

Duddy shrugged. *Ver gerharget*, he thought.

"I said I was sorry."

"I thought you went out with me because you liked me. Boy, was I ever a sucker. That night at the Hilltop Lodge must have cost me twenty bucks."

"You want the money back?"

"You think I'm dirt," he said, "don't you?"

She didn't answer.

Look at me, he thought, take a good look because maybe I'm dirt now. Maybe I've never been to Paris and I can't play tennis like the other guys here, but I don't go around spilling ketchup in other guys' beds either, I don't trick guys into crazy promises when they're drunk. I don't speak dirty like you either. You make fun of your father. You don't like him. But he sends you to Europe and Mexico — and who pays for those drinks in the afternoon? You're sorry for making a fool out of me. Gee whiz; my heart bleeds. Take a good look. Maybe I'm dirt today. That black marketeer Cohen can give me twenty bucks and a lecture about gambling and feel good for a whole week. But you listen here, kiddo. It's not always going to be like this. If you want to bet on something, then bet on me. I'm going to be a somebody and that's for sure. ★

This is an excerpt from Mordecai Richler's new novel, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, to be published later by Andre Deutsch Ltd. (Collins of Canada). A second installment will be published in the next issue.

*kingsbeer is so right
for the
"Young at heart"*

Lighter . . . Livelier . . .

*beer the way
people like it today*





For the sake of argument

Continued from page 10

The voter who follows the campaign is met, as the Winnipeg ratepayers were last fall, with a campaign devoid of important issues, intelligent controversy and definite platforms. Instead they were offered the following as a basis for intelligent selection: Urge city participation in the Grey Cup parade, reduce the number of aldermen, introduce compulsory home repair, abolish cocktail bars, provide land for service clubs to enable them to provide homes for the aged, accusations that the incumbent mayor attended too few committee meetings — the main plank in one mayoralty platform — and finally a proposal to build more swimming pools "because Winnipeg's youth has shown its worth in its spectacular battle against the Winnipeg flood."

No mention of slum clearance, metropolitan government, capital city development or the multitude of other problems which affect the ratepayer far more than the alleged absenteeism of Mayor Juba. If nothing else, this indicates a remarkably low estimate of the average Winnipegger's intelligence. Who would bother to vote in such circumstances?

Political parties would effect a simple solution. If any proof is needed, simply imagine the situation in the provincial or federal fields if there were no political parties. The government of our provinces and our nation would be as chaotic as is that of our cities. Clearly there are good reasons for the existence of political parties, reasons every bit as valid at the city level as at the federal and provincial levels, for democratic government is impossible without parties.

A multitude of divergent opinion, no matter how honestly held, does not produce government. Political parties act as magnets to iron filings; they organize and focus a mass of varied opinion around a central philosophy or platform. They enable the voter to know *what* he is voting for even if he may not know *whom* he is voting for. They make possible a concentrated and therefore effective expression of citizens' opinion. Parties stand on a definite platform and, if elected to form the government, are clearly responsible for putting their program into effect. At each successive election the voter knows who was responsible for successes and failures, and he votes accordingly. Parties provide leadership, direction and responsibility. Such is the basic stuff of democratic government but it seems to be ignored in civic government.

But this raises a bogey which, for no apparent reason, has haunted civic government in Canada—the bogey of "politics in city hall." It is a shade which many a mayor and alderman has paid homage to by campaigning, and often successfully, on the meaningless platform of "Keep politics out of city hall."

It is unfortunately true that the term "politician" has become a synonym for all that is shady and disgraceful, associated as it is with so-called "bosses" and "machines." This is more the case at the civic level than the federal, for nobody would apply the term in that sense to John

Diefenbaker or Lester Pearson. "Politics in city hall" seems to mean graft and corruption, bribed constables and surly garbage men. This is pure fancy for it is the absence of political parties or "politics" in this sense that leads to corruption. Examine any of the civic scandals which have occurred in recent times or those which are giving concern right now in Calgary, Belleville or Brandon and the proof is there. To keep politics out of city government is to prevent the citizen from exercising any effective control. This wholly unreasonable fear has

succa a grip that in most cities there are groups which are avowedly dedicated to the maintenance of civic purity, by which is meant no parties. Various called the Civic Election Committee, the Civic Non-Partisan League or the Non-Partisan Association, they put forward slates of candidates opposed to "machine politics" to offer voters a wide choice of so-called independent candidates.

These are curious groups for by their very nature they are partisan. As soon as they set their seal of political chastity on one candidate as opposed to another

they cannot be considered independent. As a specific group supporting specific candidates they are nothing if not partisan political parties, the only difference being that recognized parties have a program which they announce publicly and are subject to more rank-and-file control than are these anonymous groups whose entire program consists of the promise of "good government." While one hesitates to question the motives of such bodies there is no reason to believe that time and money are being spent purely in the interests of "good govern-



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ment." What "good government" means to such "non-partisan" groups may mean quite something else to the ratepayers.

Candidates elected under a "non-partisan" banner are, in effect, given *carte blanche* by the voters, for within the bounds of "good government" anything goes. It is the absence of democratic political parties which leaves the field wide open for such organized minorities to control the government of our cities and municipalities. If the municipal ship of state runs aground, who is to blame? For no sailing directions were given and

none were offered when the captain and crew were chosen; nor was anyone put aboard to act specifically as a pilot to see that the course steered was straight and true. Only the anonymous pressgang has any real control.

With political parties in civic government elections would be fought vigorously with each party putting forward a slate of candidates pledged to support the party program. The party with the majority in the council could put its policies into effect knowing it had the support of the majority of the voters. The rate-

payers would know that the city was being run for the majority of its residents. The minority groups in the council would function as an official opposition.

There is at present no organized scrutiny of the activities of a city government for those expected to scrutinize and criticize are also expected to govern. The opportunities for mutual back-scratching are all too golden. This is not to imply that all councilors and mayors are shady characters; most are conscientious and honest, but city government today is big government handling huge sums of pub-

lic funds; it is not the local PTA.

The existence of a majority clearly identified with a party program would draw clear lines of responsibility. Gone would be the tendency now prevalent to abdicate responsibility in council by passing the buck to the electorate by means of one referendum after another. It is difficult to see how the average ratepayer with, to say the least, imperfect knowledge of the issues involved can be expected to make the right decision when those elected to govern cringe from the task. Certain matters must, by provincial statute, be decided by referendum; but all too frequently this device is used to enable a thoroughly divided council to avoid the problem of making up its mind on some major problem. It is a refuge for the weak and the uncommitted, for none may be blamed for failure and all may take credit for success. A victorious party would have a mandate to govern and would be wholly responsible for all aspects of civic administration.

If we did have real political parties then no longer would the ratepayer, bored and bewildered, avoid the polling booths on election day. Not only would the voter be treated to a thorough examination of all vital matters from the public platform and be thus able to make an intelligent choice; he could also exercise direct influence on the drafting of the party program and in the selection of candidates by the simple act of joining the party whose views he favored. In short the voter could assume his rightful place as a citizen with a direct say in how he shall be governed and by whom. Without parties the voice of the individual citizen is lost in the babble of the inchoate amateurs who inhabit the council chambers of Canada's cities. Only if he is organized — and the existing parties are ready-made vehicles for this organization — can he exercise his rights.

A side effect of no mean importance would be the full-time use of party organizations which now tend to lie dormant between provincial and federal elections. The result would be a direct increase in the level of interest and participation in the business of democratic government right across the board. It is one of the failings of democracy that it is conducive to apathy — the very attitude which can destroy it. Active participation in the affairs of government and hence of political parties is the duty of the citizen; and it should be noted by those who associate parties with evil that they are best controlled from the inside.

It is time that the spectre of "politics in city hall" was properly exorcised and civic government put on its rightful democratic basis. To get the voter out he must be given something to vote for, something to choose. He must be made aware of the problems of government in his city and his vote must be made effective. Without parties in civic government we must remain content with the disgraceful but nevertheless understandable apathy of the citizen; we must remain content with the inefficiency, lack of direction, petty corruption and irresponsibility of civic government carried on by men who, while undoubtedly sincere, have no real understanding of the democratic process and whose policy consists in little more than the vaguest of catch-all phrases, "good government." A citizen of Calgary might comment, tongue in cheek, that "something concrete must be done to cement the bonds of democratic control and responsibility to the framework of civic government."

The extension of party politics to the sphere of city and municipal government is the obvious answer. ★

WITH MEN WHO CAN'T BE VAGUE



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"The whole country around Devil's Lake is on fire," Veasy reported. "The wind is carrying it this way"

focus my binoculars on that country to the west, trying to track the path of the fire, and wondering if a sudden shift in wind would drive the flames toward the headwaters of Meldrum Creek and into our trap line. All trappers dread the possibility of fires burning their trap lines, for after the flames have gone there is little left in the burned-over area for carnivorous furbearers to track down and kill. A forest fire brings death.

Now, with the northern skyline darkened by smoke, I suggested to Veasy, "How about you saddling up a horse and riding to the top of the hill for a look?"

Two hours later he was back, his face serious. "The whole country around Devil's Lake is on fire," he said somberly. "The wind is carrying it this way, toward Meldrum Lake."

Devil's Lake bordered the northern reaches of our trap line. There the country was littered by boulders, and scarred by almost impassable ravines. Long fingers of forbidding muskeg thrust out from the lake into the forest, like fingers from a hand. The lake itself stank like a cesspool of decomposing vegetation and slimy alkali mud. This gave the lake its name.

"Let's saddle up early"

About seven miles of fir and jack-pine forest lay between the south end of Devil's Lake and the north end of Meldrum. The woods between were crisscrossed with moose and deer paths, yet none were wide enough to balk the fire in a brisk west wind. Falling trees are a bridge that enables fire to cross a trail.

After supper, Veasy rode to the top of the hill again. It was dusk when he got back. At sundown the wind had calmed down a little, and without wind or encouragement from the sun the fire would mark time through the night and not resume its march until morning.

"We'd better wrangle the horses first thing in the morning," I told Veasy, "and follow the east shore line of Meldrum Lake to where those traps are hanging at the north end. If fire hits either one of those spruce trees the traps will be ruined."

When first we came to the creek we only had some four dozen assorted traps and some of these weren't much good. Now we had six hundred. We had them for weasel, muskrat, mink, fox, fisher, lynx, timber wolf, and otter. In recent years I had invested more than a thousand hard-won dollars in this large collection of traps, for now that Veasy was running his trap lines too, we had so much more country to cover.

Many of the traps hanging in the spruces at the end of the lake were number 4s, costing forty dollars a dozen. There were several smaller sizes too. On any large trap line the traps are seldom toted back to the cabin when they are picked up from their cubbies. They are collected in bunches and hung beneath spruce trees, until trapping season comes around again.

"How many traps are up there anyway?" Veasy wanted to know.

I went to my desk, took out a well-thumbed ledger, and rifled through the pages until I came to the one that ac-

counted for the whereabouts of all our traps. When traps are scattered over a trap line, a dozen here, another dozen there, it is easy to forget just where they are cached without some written record of where you left them.

"We've got four and one half dozen," I announced, "hanging under those two trees."

By morning the lake at the house was almost hidden by low-lying smoke. It had settled overnight and now clung

to every fold in the ground. Horses, too, are terrified of forest fire, and this morning ours out in the pasture were as nervous as week-old moose calves, and almost as elusive. Even Lillian's potbellied mare whom we could almost



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always walk up to and catch showed us a clean pair of heels. Around and around the pasture they galloped, keeping well away from the corral whenever they neared its wings. But finally Veasy was able to corner the old mare in a V of the fence, and slip the halter over her head. When she was led into the corral the rest trailed in behind her.

But it was closer to 11 a.m. than 10 when we climbed into the saddles. The sun had been up for five or six hours now, and the wind was again briskly from the west. And the smoke had

gone up from the folds in the ground and was now over the hilltops.

Lillian was at the barn when we saddled up the horses, a bit of worry in her eyes. "Be careful," she murmured, as if she didn't want to say the words but somehow felt she had to. Lillian was really frightened of fire. She knew how fast a fire can run when it is burning in heavy spruce timber. She knew, for instance, that it can outpace a man afoot. She'd seen snowshoe rabbits cremated in their tracks. She knew many a wilderness

cabin has gone up in smoke when flames jumped the clearing on which it sat.

"We'll be careful," I promised. "But there's nothing at all to worry about. Just the traps, that's all. We'll be back in a couple of hours." And to give added assurance I said, "The fire will never get here. The beaver ponds will stop it cold in its tracks before it does that." That was our only hope. Still I couldn't be sure.

Our horses had to swim at the crossing where the creek came out of Meldrum Lake. Below the lake a couple

of hundred yards, the beavers had dammed the creek, backing the water up to the lake itself. I glanced downstream to the beaver dam, upstream to the lake, then shot a glance over my shoulder toward home, and thought, "Thank God for the beavers!"

Clear of the water we put the horses to a swift lope. If the fire reached the other end of Meldrum Lake before we did our traps would be lost.

"Wonder who started this one?" Veasy said suddenly, half to himself.

"Some damn fool," I retorted. "Someone firing a ten- or fifteen-acre meadow maybe. Whites, I figure, not Indians." There were no Indians in the near vicinity.

"Why doesn't the forestry department do something?" Veasy was in a mood for arguing. "Why doesn't the forestry department catch a few of those maniacs that are forever dropping matches in the meadows and let them light their matches in a penitentiary?"

"What can they do?" Veasy's thoughts had often crossed my own mind to be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. "How often have you or I actually seen anyone starting these fires? Never. And we're in the woods all the time. If folk living off the country haven't got brains enough to keep the forests green there isn't much the government can do about it."

The smoke was thickening now. We were halfway up the lake drawing away from pine and fir timber into heavier growths of spruce. Our horses were lathered with sweat and it was use of quirt on rump rather than kindness in the voice that urged the horses on. They were unwilling to face that smoke.

Now we could hear the crackle of burning spruces and the occasional crash of a falling tree. Soon we were almost within sight of the end of the lake, dodging stands of flaming spruce, and neck-reining our horses through aspen and willow thickets close to the shore. To our right a hundred yards was a litter of blowdowns, either felled by wind or fire of other years. On three sides the windfalls were surrounded by spruces that were losing their greenness and becoming gaunt spars even as we looked toward them.

Suddenly from among the litter of windfalls a form took shape out of the smoke, so still and lifeless that surely it was only my imagination that made me swear it was a moose. Yet a moose it was, an old cow with hair greying and rusting at the withers.

But why did the cow stand so still? Why was she there at all, with the spruce trees on fire from toe to crown and spewing flaming brands all around her?

Then I knew why the old cow stood there. "Judas Priest!" I cried aloud. "She's got little ones in the windfalls!"

Veasy leaped out of the saddle. He quickly hitched his horse to a tree and muttered, "We've got to get them out of there."

The .303 Ross rifle was in its scabbard between my stirrup leathers, and I thoughtfully fondled its butt. "How? That's an old cow. We'd have to put a bullet through her head before we could lay a hand on those calves. Better the loss of two lives than three. The cow will live but the calves are goners already."

I knew just what Veasy was thinking. Go into the windfalls, hoist the newly born twin calves across the saddle and pack them down to water's edge beyond reach of the flames. But he was

reckoning without the old cow. She'd never allow us to touch the calves; she'd charge if we tried to do that. And there was no sense in shooting her and trying to save the calves. Without the mother they'd die anyway.

"Judas Priest!" I sang out again. And keeping a watchful eye on the cow I urged my horse a little closer to the windfalls.

The calves—about a day old—all legs and awkwardness, were lying side by side by a blowdown, necks stretched flush with the ground. "Ai-ya!" I shouted at the top of my voice. "Get!" And the twins raised their heads, staggered to their feet, took a few hesitant steps toward their mother and then went down in a heap.

A flaming spruce began swaying on its roots. Its top leaned. There were no needles left on it now, and the branches themselves were spitting fire. A shudder wracked the tree and it crashed to earth.

The top of the tree fell within six feet of the twins. But neither moved. Heads and necks on the ground, liquid eyes fixed on the smoldering tree, they lay there. The stink of scorched hair and flesh came to my nostrils.

"Judas Priest!" My hand dragged to the butt of my rifle. I pulled the gun and bolted home a shell. "It's better this way, son," I murmured quickly to Veasy. I lifted in the stirrups and brought the gun to my shoulder. I squeezed the trigger twice, and could scarcely hear the shots for the awful roar of the fire. The twins twitched a little and then became limp and still.

"We must swim for it"

The delay cost us our traps. The trees in which they were hanging were burning as we came in sight of them. Nothing could go near those trees and the traps were a cherry red; the temper would be gone from their steel. They'd never be of use to us again.

Behind us was the intermittent thud of burning timber falling across the trail. The fire had by now, no doubt, jumped the trail at a dozen different spots and was seeking what it could find toward water's edge. I wheeled my horse sharply west and loped it down to the lake. The northern end of the lake was only two hundred yards away but I could see nothing of its shore line. All I could see was a sheet of brilliant flame.

I looped the bridle lines around the horn of the saddle and quietly told Veasy, "We're trapped."

While there was no fire over on the west side of the lake, the burning forest at the north barred our escape there. And we couldn't retreat the way we had come for now the fire was on either side of the game trail and crowding down against the water. Forest fire to the north of us, to the south of us, to the east—and to the west there was only the water, in places forty feet deep.

A couple of loons danced their crazy devil dance out in the middle of the lake. They, anyway, were safe. So were the fish. I glanced at my horse's ears, patted its neck. There was only the one way out: we must swim the lake.

"Tighten your cinch," I bade Veasy, slipping out of the saddle and tightening my own.

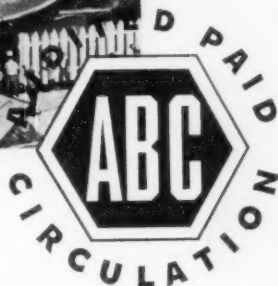
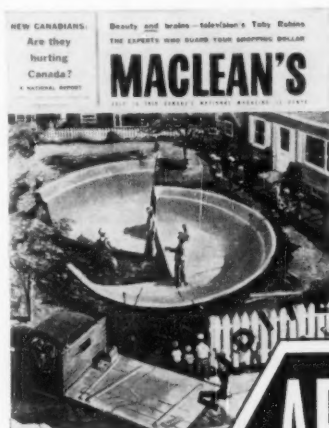
He looked at me for a second or two. "You going to swim the horses?"


"I'd rather drown than roast. All set?" I asked, swinging back into the saddle.

"Whenever you are?"

I neck-reined my horse into the water;

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the gelding snorted and fought to get the bit between its teeth and turn back to land. "Get going!" And I brought the quirt hard down on his rump. Unwillingly he breasted out into the lake, feeling for the bottom he could not see.

I slung my rifle over my shoulder, and lifted my feet clear of the stirrups. I grabbed a handful of mane with my left hand, and took a firm grip on the bridle lines with my right. Suddenly there was no jar at all to the gait of the horse. He moved easily along, head high, nostrils flared, tail floating. As far as movement was concerned I might have been riding on a cloud. We were swimming.

The gelding was a strong and willing swimmer once he knew that he was in deep water and unable to turn back. The water sheered away from his side, and his eyes were riveted on the opposite shore line. My face was almost brushing his mane, my knees about touching my chin, calves of my legs pressed tight against the leather. I had to maintain balance. If I lost balance and leaned to either side, the gelding might be thrown off balance too and roll over on its back.

"Veasy, all we can do now is trust in God and the horses!"

"I'm trusting!" There was no fear in the words and their closeness told me that Veasy was right behind me.

I wanted to turn for one swift appraisal of how Veasy's horse was making it, but movement of any kind might throw the gelding off balance.

"Look out, we've got company!" Veasy's voice sounded very close. I thought, "His horse must be outswimming mine."

I saw a huge head take shape. The head was crowned with a set of antlers which, though now a mass of velvety pulp, would in three months' time measure fifty inches or more across. "Gol' durned bull moose," I grunted.

The bull was as much at home in water as on land. It made two yards for every one my gelding was making, and was only a few feet from the horse as it passed. But it paid us no attention at all. Its eyes too were on the nearing shore. Human being, domesticated horse, and bull of the north woods, all out there in the lake fleeing a common foe.

The bull moose was perhaps a half mile off in the timber when our horses touched land. "Swam like a moose yourself," I told the gelding, patting its quivering neck and loosening the cinch. "Got us out of one heck of a muddle-up that time, you did."

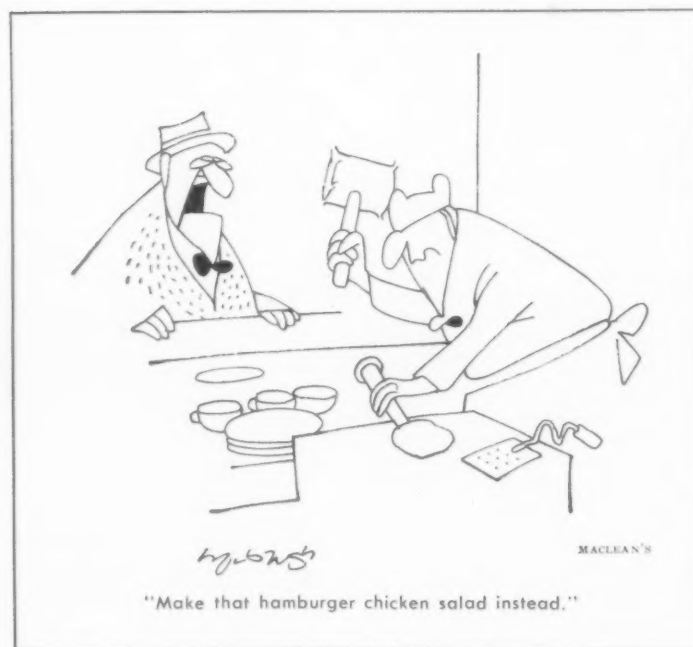
And there across Meldrum Lake, and in the country to the north, thousands of acres of forest were on fire. There was jack pine and fir, spruce and aspen, willow and alder, all going up in smoke. And there were Franklin's and ruff grouse chicks, wobbly moose calves, spotted fawns, little black bear cubs, soft-furred fisher cats, baby rabbits, clumsily gaited porcupines, red squirrels and flying squirrels, bluebirds and robins, coyote pups and lynx kittens—all going up in smoke.

Next morning we could both see and hear the flames from the cabin door. They were only a half mile away, and they had swept down the east shore line of Meldrum Lake in seven-league boots. Then suddenly they marked time. Because at the creek, where it came away from the lake, they were halted in their tracks. Though they had destroyed much of our forest, they could not destroy our home.

Seventeen years earlier, when first we came to the creek, there was only a trickle of water moving down creek from Meldrum Lake. Then such a fire would have crossed the creek and leaped to our cabin without a pause. Now, below Meldrum Lake, for mile after mile, lay the beaver dams. Their every gate was closed. Unable to press south the fire turned, following the edge of the beaver ponds, thrusting here, reaching there, seeking a path to cross the water and march forward again on the other side. But there was no path, and there was only the water of the beaver ponds—and that no fire could cross.

In mid-June the overhead clouded and rain beat down on the forests. Again the underfoot became sodden as it had been when the last of the snows were melting. The fire halted, and eventually was extinguished. Our home was saved. ★

This is an excerpt from *Three Against the Wilderness*, Copyright, 1959, by Eric Collier. It will be published soon by E. P. Dutton & Co.



"I LEARNED HOW YOU CAN QUIT SMOKING!"

— says Mickey Mantle



MICKEY MANTLE says: "I am confident this unique tablet can help anyone."

I'm one person who had his career picked out for him before he was born. My Pop just lived and breathed baseball. When he was young, he spent his spare time playing baseball with every team in Oklahoma that needed a player.

My Grandpa was the same. As a young man he had been a pitcher on a semi-professional team. They were both bound that I was going to be a ball player and some day make the big time.

When I was just a few days old, a baseball was tucked into my crib. Later I was taught to count in a highly unusual way. "This is *first base*," Pop



MICKEY MANTLE in his new Dallas 32 lane bowling establishment.

would say. "This is *second*, and that's *third*..." Or else he would throw up his hands and yell, "Strike one! Strike two!"

That's how I came to be a ball player and this upbringing had something to do with my determination to cut down smoking!

Now, personally, I have nothing against smoking. I am in favor of everybody getting all the enjoyment and satisfaction out of life that they can. To smoke or not to smoke is something everybody has to decide for himself. However, sometimes on doctor's orders or for some other reason, a person may have to give up or cut down smoking.

In my case it wasn't doctor's orders, it was some other reason. Someone like myself who earns his living in athletics, has a duty to keep fit. One day, I just decided that I would be hitting the ball better if I cut down smoking. It was as simple as that.

Well, sir, it wasn't that simple at all. It's one thing to decide to quit or cut down smoking, and, as a lot of other people have discovered, another thing to do it. I had a real struggle on my hands; but I made it!

It wasn't until later, during a period of backsliding, that I discovered something which, if I had known about it earlier, would have saved me a lot of grief.

This was a unique tablet! This little tablet had been recommended to one of my friends who had to stop smoking. It was recommended by his doctor who had actually used the tablet himself. It helped him to quit easily and painlessly in a few days, without any of that nervous, uneasy feeling which people who try to stop smoking, usually experience.

I tried this little tablet. I was amazed to find out how effective it was, without any of the agony and effort which I had gone through before. The contrast was so striking that I decided to inquire into the background of this unusual discovery. What I found out will, I think, interest everybody who at some time or another has tried to quit or cut down smoking.

This little tablet was discovered by doctors in the research department of Loyola University in Chicago. For many years it had been known that a drug called lobeline sulphate could curb the desire to smoke. However, in doses large enough to be effective, this drug produced unpleasant side effects. The University scientists working on the problem discovered, after months of research and experimentation, that by combining two common antacid ingredients with lobeline sulphate, two things were accomplished. First, most unpleasant side effects were eliminated; secondly, the amount of lobeline necessary to do an effective job was greatly reduced. The result was this effective little white tablet which, when given to test patients, helped 4 out of 5 stop smoking in 5 days!

The way the tablet works is wonderfully simple. Lobeline sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant which is sometimes called "Indian Tobacco". It is a first cousin to nicotine. I'm told, mimicking its action. But does its job by removing the craving for nicotine in the system, and not by affecting the taste or making smoking unpleasant.

The research team that discovered this little tablet

knew they had something that thousands needed. Here was something that would really help anybody who wanted to free himself or herself from the smoking habit. But like any group of scientists, they were cautious. More research was carried on, more tests were made on hundreds and hundreds of patients. They proved that 83%, more than 4 out of 5, of all people who wanted to stop smoking could do it easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with the help of the little tablets. Significantly, they found that those who didn't stop completely had cut down their smoking drastically.

Their discovery was reported in medical journals and I understand demand for it began coming from every corner of the globe. The Campana Company of Batavia, Illinois, and Toronto, Canada, was chosen to market these unique tablets. Today you can buy them in any drug store in Canada, under the name of Bantron, for only \$1.50 a box. Bantron has been proven so reliable, when taken as directed, it can actually be bought without a doctor's prescription.

From my own experience and that of my friends, I can recommend Bantron to anyone who wants to stop or cut down smoking. You will find that Bantron can help you stop quickly and easily in a few days, without any of the pangs you might have expected.

However, remember this. Bantron can't do all the work alone. You must really want to stop or cut down. If you do, I am confident that Bantron can give you the help you need.



BANTRON, the new smoking deterrent tablets recommended by Mickey Mantle.

Students dress like businessmen or lawyers. A carabin without a tie is derided as a college boy

to get their bearings from one of the route maps posted here and there, with a small cross and the words "You are here" identifying their present location, not unlike the maps in the Paris Metro.

The University of Montreal's students

long ago determined to forestall any confusion between themselves and the kind of undergraduates who wear beanies by taking over the ancient French word carabin. In medieval France a carabin was a medical student. In modern Quebec

he (or she; one carabin out of four is a carabine) can be a lay student of religion or an aspiring psychiatrist or even an English-speaking schoolteacher working on a master's degree, as several are at the U of M, as long as he is enrolled at

the Mount Royal university. There is no typical carabin, but a fictional composite specimen goes by the name Kid Carabin. He conforms, roughly, to these ground rules:

In dress, the Kid emulates a member of the Quebec business or professional class, which he usually is. The rare faddist who wears anything more juvenile than a jacket and knit tie is derided as a "college boy." The only sport the Kid follows fervently and in force is skiing.

The Kid's campus is embellished in one steep corner with a rope tow and a competition ski jump, but there is no gridiron and no gymnasium, although plans have been drawn up for both. A couple of years ago the carabins moved into the second building constructed on the campus, a social centre that has student-association offices in one wing, a chapel and restaurants and recreation salons, including the students' bar, in another. The social centre is hooked by a breezeway to the U of M's single dormitory, a 127-bed bachelor bungalow, and both units obey the peculiar laws of U of M architecture. At one point a flight of stairs leads down from the third floor and opens on the fourth; another stairway leads up from the mezzanine and ends in a blank wall.

In his social life Kid Carabin has never paid more than lip service to that mild form of mass hysteria, the old college spirit, and his closest approach to an athletic hero is an overcharged entrepreneur of the arts like Pierre Emond. Last year, as president of the students' art society, the busiest extracurricular body on the campus, Emond directed a dizzy dance of art exhibitions, string-quartet musicales, a full-dress drama and a musical revue, personal appearances by famous artists (Badura Skoda, Elizabeth Schwarzkopf), film showings, jazz and theatre workshops. Emond graduated last spring but this year, as a sort of entrepreneur-emeritus, he'll keep his hand in most of these productions and act as impresario for the first national music festival ever held in Quebec.

If Emond has a rival as a carabin big-wheel, he's a tough political infighter like Bruno Meloche. By popular account Meloche, a small twenty-five-year-old law student who wears his hair like Marlon Brando playing Marc Antony, is the only man on the campus who owns a raccoon coat. Both these shaggy jokes are misleading. Meloche and his fire-eating friends are leading a carabin revolt against Quebec Premier Maurice Duplessis, the administration of the University of Montreal, and anybody else who stands between them and a new financial deal for the U of M and the carabins alike.

The battle turns on the unusual anatomy of the U of M and the sources of its operating funds. Structurally the U of M is a hybrid; in the classic French mold, the faculties of medicine, law, and dental surgery demand a bachelor of arts degree as an entrance requirement. The U of M has no arts faculty of its own; to earn a U of M BA a would-be carabin has to enroll in one of forty-odd affiliated classical colleges across the province.

The BA course in the classical college is an eight-year haul, beginning when a boy is about twelve, at anywhere from \$150 to \$350 a year. Speaking for the insurgent carabins, Meloche says this high-

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priced system "bolts the university's doors against half the best brains in Quebec" whose fathers aren't well enough heeled to pay the shot. Fully half the carabins now reach the non-professional faculties through the high-school and technical-school systems, but Meloche and his friends maintain this isn't good enough.

Both the carabin complaints and the U of M's corporate complexity cut deeper still. The engineering school, l'Ecole Polytechnique, moved into a new thirteen-million-dollar building on the campus this year and grants degrees signed by the U of M, but, it is a separate corporation with its own budget and its own board. So are the School of Optometry and the Graduate School of Commerce, which plans to break ground on the campus for a new building this year. So, indeed, are the agriculture, veterinary medicine and teachers' colleges, and so are several other institutes and seminaries.

L'Université de Montréal, the holding company, so to speak, in this chain of interlocking directorates, is relatively small. While there were 13,887 students working for degrees last year throughout the entire chain, only forty-three hundred of them were enrolled in the thirteen departments of the university itself. Most of these hard-core carabins were in half a dozen faculties— theology, law, medicine, philosophy, letters, sciences. About half of them were working on postgraduate degrees: advanced baccalaureates, MAs and *Licences* (a French equivalent of the MA, but with a more general field of study and no thesis), and Doctorates.

"The U of M is dying"

This intricate enterprise operates under two charters, one from the Vatican and one from the government of Quebec. Under the terms of the provincial charter the government has managed to dominate the board of governors; under the Papal charter the Church commands the top administrative posts; neither faction holds itself responsible for balancing the budget, although Quebec votes a grant every year. The effect of this power split is described by Maurice Séguin, a U of M history professor, as "the same difficulty that would distress a man with two heads. We never know which way we're going."

A couple of years ago it became apparent that the way the U of M is going, financially at least, is straight into bankruptcy. In the school year 1957-58 the university spent a third of a million dollars more than it took in from tuition fees, provincial grants, and all other sources. "We are dying, and that is no figure of speech," the rector, Monsignor Irénée Lussier, said at the time.

Last year the deficit had climbed to six hundred thousand dollars; this year it will probably reach a million. Lussier has made no further public statements on the subject, probably because nothing he could say would put the case more strongly than he has stated it already.

To pay its debts, the university started two years ago to dip into the \$4.9 million that then remained in a \$13-million fund raised by public subscription in 1947-48. At the present rate of overspending the fund will be dead by 1962 and so, if Lussier's bankruptcy speech is to be taken seriously, will the University of Montreal. "Our's is a strange industry," Lussier said not long ago. "The more customers we get, the poorer we become."

To the carabins, the way out is clarity itself. The provincial government can be made to cough up enough money to put the university in the black and at the same time underwrite a sharply increased scale of scholarships for students. Since Premier Duplessis sees little merit in

these proposals, the carabins have rallied behind Bruno Meloche and a few other fighters to assault the government with such tactics as a one-day boycott of lectures in March 1958, for which they enlisted the students of every other university in Quebec as well. When this failed, Meloche, with two carabin companions, jumped a train for Quebec City and camped on Maurice Duplessis' doorstep for eight weeks. The filibuster introduced Meloche to front pages across the country but failed to win an introduction to the premier; it was called off in time

for the two other insurgents to write their exams in Montreal. Meloche gave the school year up for lost and spent the next few weeks stumping Quebec, helping run off fourteen "monster public rallies" to cement the propaganda gains he had made at the capital.

The bout was a saw-off, Duplessis never did give Meloche a hearing, but later he opened his office to the presidents of the student bodies at Quebec's five other universities, who were carrying the same brief. Not long after, the repayable portions of student loans were hiked sub-

stantially. This year Quebec's "discretionary" grant to the U of M will go up from \$1.4 million to \$1.8 million. The carabins still claim the scholarships are too small and too few. The university will still be about a million dollars in the red.

Although political belligerence of the free-swinging style displayed by Meloche and his cadres has always been a carabin characteristic there is at least one striking indication that this attitude often mellows into effective diplomacy. More than half a dozen of Canada's senior ambassadors are graduates of the U of M including



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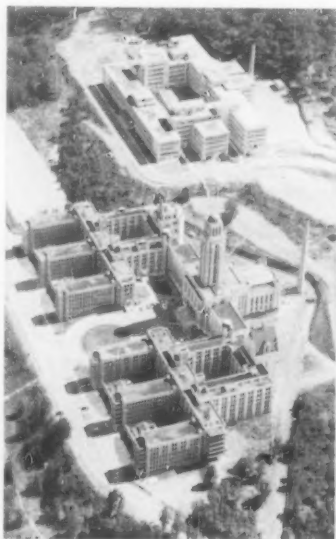
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The U of M has been called "priest-ridden" but one of its faculty lecturers in medieval studies is a rabbi



Students are often seen peering at maps of the hallway maze in their building.



Rabbi Chaim Denburg lectures to student priests in the medieval studies faculty.

Léon Mayrand in Rome, and Jules Léger (brother of Cardinal Léger, U of M's chancellor and himself a U of M graduate) who holds ambassadorial rank as Canada's permanent representative to NATO. Maj.-Gen. George Vanier (U of M law school, class of '11), who this month becomes the first native French-speaking governor-general of Canada, was ambassador to Paris in the sensitive period immediately after World War II. His current successor in Paris is U of M graduate Pierre Dupuy.

To the outsider, looking at the fiery students who have yet to acquire the polish of these alumni, all the agitation may seem pointless. For the university there is an alternate source of millions, and for many people in Quebec and elsewhere the great mystery about the U of M is why it doesn't grab the money. There are \$6.3 millions in rejected federal grants being held in trust at Ottawa

in the U of M's name. To get the money all the university has to do is ask. Why doesn't it?

Why indeed. The contentious explanation starts with U of M law-school alumnus (class of '13) Maurice Duplessis. Premier Duplessis damns federal assistance to education as the rape of provincial autonomy and, furthermore, as a violation of the constitution. Willy-nilly, the Quebec universities unanimously spurn Ottawa's money. This much of the explanation is well known, but there are further facts that aren't.

For one thing, some of Duplessis' most implacable adversaries condemn the grants as unconditionally as the premier does himself. Lawyer-economist Pierre Elliott Trudeau (class of '44), whose slashing polemics are the anti-Duplessis war cry of many of Quebec's young intellectual reformers, speared the grants on points of law, history and usage in his



Major-General G. P. Vanier (right), our new Governor-General, is an alumnus. He's greeted by Msgr. Lussier. Canada's diplomatic corps has many U of M graduates.

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own journal, *Cité Libre*. At the U of M a professor who repudiates Duplessis also repudiates the grants as an affront to self-respect. "Our university is French and Catholic. If we must have state aid, let it come from our French Catholic government at Quebec."

The man charged with keeping the university alive, Irénée Lussier, recalls a 1956 conversation with the late Sidney Smith, then his opposite number at the University of Toronto. Smith harbored deep reservations about the wisdom of federal participation in university financing, even through no-strings-attached grants. But, he said, he would accept; his school needed the money.

Smith and Lussier saw eye to eye, and their view was shared by seven hundred Quebec university professors who stood up to be counted.

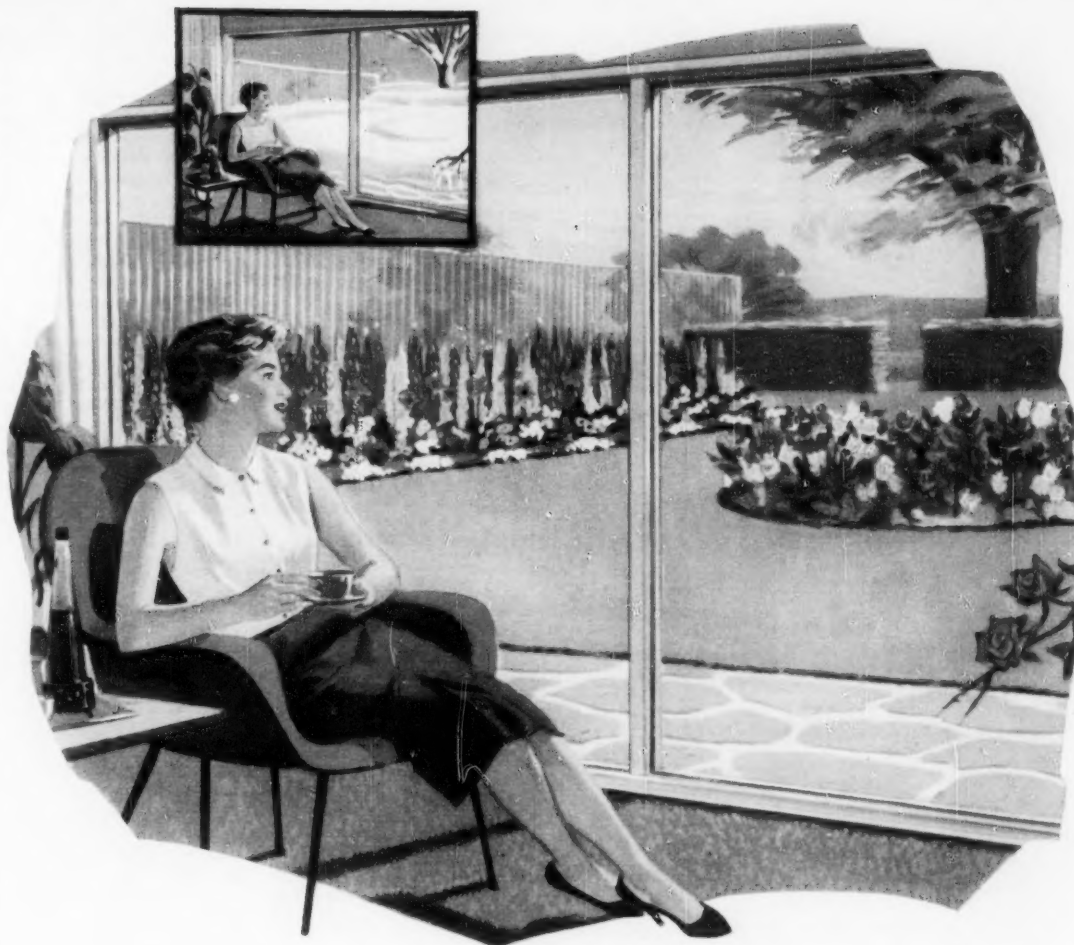
The U of M board of governors, which has never made a decision seriously at odds with Premier Duplessis' preferences, overrode Lussier's decision. The rector's personal opinion is unchanged, but he sees little prospect of the board reversing its stand. Gathering several yards of black cassock around a frame that would intimidate a professional wrestler, Lussier purses his lips and surveys the hazardous future. The U of M is growing as fast as any university in Canada; three thousand more students last year than the year before and at least twice as many all told by 1965. So are its affiliates: l'Ecole Polytechnique, easily the fastest-growing engineering school in Canada, jumped twenty-five percent in enrollment to twelve hundred students last year.

The inference is not lost on Lussier. By 1965 he intends to have seen the U of M through its first great concession to modern Quebec, an arts college for undergraduates specializing in the specialties that bring the highest prices in the marketplace. The central question he leaves for last. Where will the money come from to haul the university back from the brink of bankruptcy? Lussier has an answer ready. "From the people of Quebec. After all, it's their university."

It has, in fact, been their university from the beginning. Until 1919 the U of M was a branch of venerable Laval at Quebec City. One of its first undertakings after breaking away to set up business for itself was a public drive for funds to replace the already cramped buildings on St. Denis Street in the solidly French East Side. The money raised was enough to build the yellow giant on Mount Royal but not enough to run it. Between 1933, when the shell was completed, and 1943, when the building was finally dedicated to St. Joseph the Artisan, the university's patron saint, the U of M was a storm centre of controversy. The wind has died down but the storm isn't over.

Dr. Roger Dufresne, vice-dean of medicine, blew it up again last February. Pointing to the west wing, almost half the entire building, Dufresne told its odd story. For twenty-seven years all but the inner fringe of the cavernous wing has been deserted. Since 1947 the university has had enough money — again supplied by the public, this time as part of the "improvement" fund now being drained by deficits — to equip the teaching hospital the wing was planned to accommodate. But operating costs can only be met by Quebec, and Premier Duplessis "sees no need" for another teaching hospital in Montreal. For the medical faculty to remain silent any longer about this still-birth, Dufresne said, "is treason and cowardice."

Although Dufresne is only the latest in a long line of U of M professors who have demonstrated their willingness to



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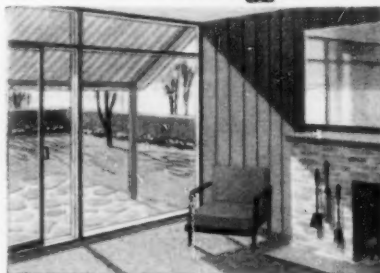
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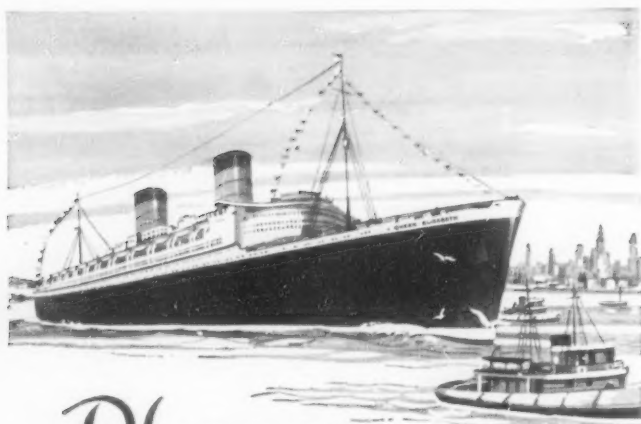
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WHY I'M QUITTING SPORTS

BY RED STOREY

Sports have been the life of Red Storey. After starring in football, lacrosse, baseball and hockey, he became the NHL's most colorful referee. After a blowup last spring with NHL president Clarence Campbell, Storey resigned. Now, he reveals to Maclean's Quebec editor, Ken Lefoll, why he's now through for good.

IN THE NEXT MACLEAN'S

ON SALE SEPTEMBER 29

mix it with the authorities on a score of controversial subjects, his statement surprised many people who speak guardedly of the U of M as "priest ridden" and subject in some sinister way to censorship. Like all bogeys this means nothing exact. It is difficult to see how it can survive outbreaks like Dufresne's, and it is even harder to see how it can outlast incidents like one that involved a young student priest a few years ago. It happened soon after the Institute of Medieval Studies added Rabbi Chaim Denburg to the faculty, a step that appears singularly unpriest-ridden itself. A professor of medicine happened to hear the divinity student reviewing the Rabbi's first lecture, which dealt with Christ's early converts among the Jews, for a group of other fledgling priests:

"He has given us a list of rabbinical heretics. But consider," the young man squeaked, flapping his soutane, "these heretics are our saints!"

They do have "le fun"

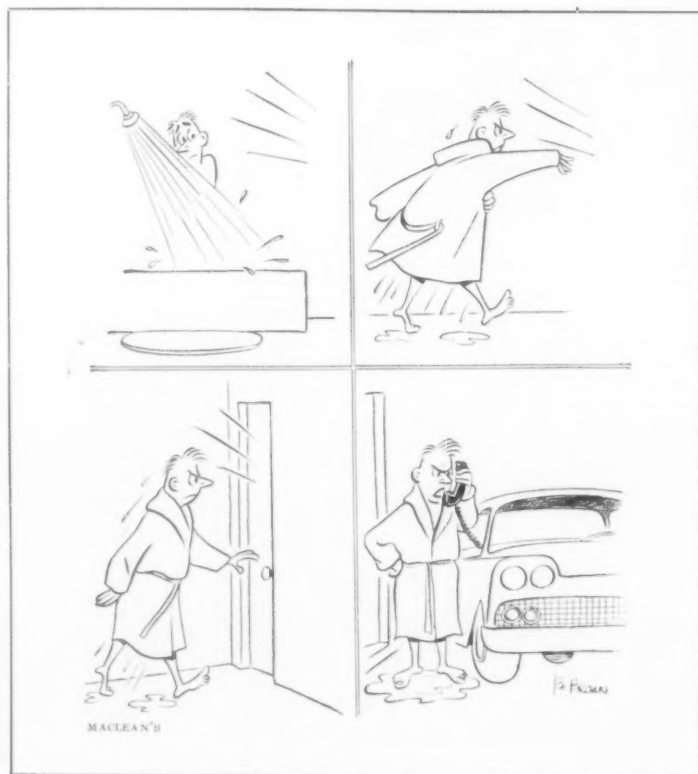
In coming to grips, however nervously, with an edged idea the young priest was repeating a fairly common carabin experience. Historian Maurice Séguin throws that hallowed scholar's "miracle," the French survival in Canada, back into the carabin's sharp-planned Breton faces. "Of course we survive. We have no choice. But we survive on English terms. If we want to make our own terms, all our choices are hard ones." By his own example, botanist Pierre Dansereau might be said to urge his students off the sidelines into the political arena where the choices are made. An internationally celebrated innovator in botanical research, Dansereau, dean of the science faculty was once head of a political education-and-action group known as the Rassemblement, which is in the thick of the drive for political reform in Quebec.

The scientific environment is charged with the same sense of adventure. The work done on stress in the human body

by Dr. Hans Selye, the Director of the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery, has enlarged medical knowledge by a full dimension and marked the U of M in the world's eyes as a cordial host to genius. Physician-psychologist Louis Poirier has succeeded in artificially building all the symptoms of Parkinson's disease into a series of test monkeys. His work may be the first crack in a major medical breakthrough.

Elsewhere under the same roof the first physicist to compound what is known to atomic scientists as a concentrated nuclear emulsion, Pierre Demers, can now photograph subatomic radiation as clearly as cattracks in fresh snow. His book, *Ionographie*, is becoming a world standard in a new science. Last fall, as Demers corrected the proofs of a companion volume, he was joined by two acolytes, Dr. Etsuo Fijii and his wife. The Fijii's, both doctors of physics, are pursuing a mystery that first spilled on them out of the sky when they were hand-holding undergraduates at the University of Hiroshima. Farther up the bluff in the engineering school, mining professor Paul-Emile Riverin presents to his students the best credentials a mining man could have. In the last few years a prospecting group organized by Riverin has closed mining deals involving at least twenty million dollars and now has more than one geological party in the field.

Kid Carabin, that untypical college boy, isn't necessarily out to make a million. Nor is he, by definition, intent on saving the world or solving the ultimate riddles of science. Although the Kid's profile as it appears here doesn't stress his inclination to gaiety, he is a keen student of *le fun*, one of his favorite phrases, and he speaks knowledgeably of beatniks and bop. He is a young man with a mind and a tradition of his own. In spite of his tendency to take a head-on run at professors, politicians, or anybody else who disagrees with him, the Kid is not backward about admitting that he is in the right place to temper his mind and polish his tradition. ★



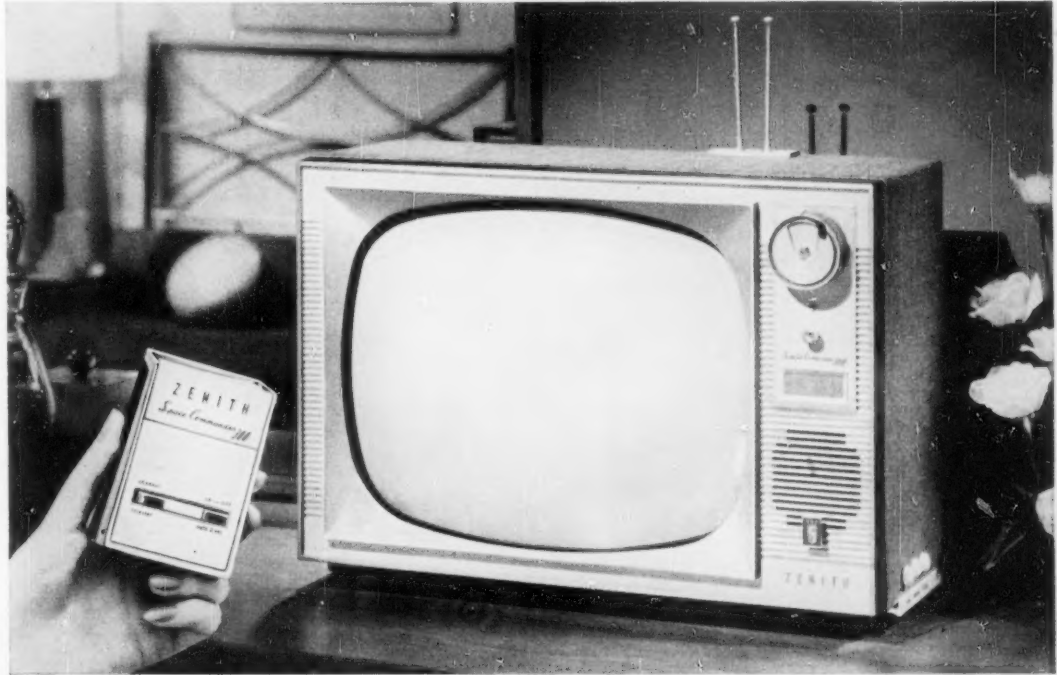
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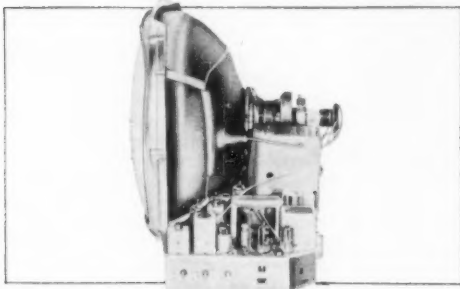
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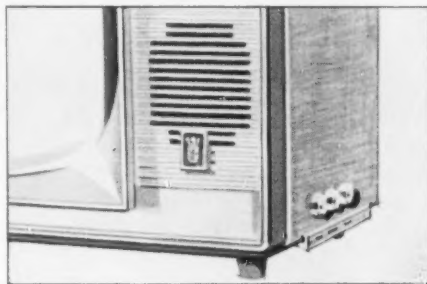
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"We had corn roasts in the crusty autumn woods, when the whole world seemed to smell of fallen leaves"

floor wax, then used it like a blackjack on other kids' bullies. If you had a bully of championship calibre you began identifying yourself with it, and it was hard to look becomingly modest when you dangled your scorched, wrinkled, battle-wise

old veteran in front of a fresh, plump, young red innocent-looking chestnut which, when it was your turn, you reduced to pulpy vegetation with a quick, ruthless "Wh-h-h-uck!" leaving its owner standing there with an empty string, a sadder but

wiser man for tangling with Bob Allen and his Champion Chestnut.

On a day of Indian summer we made a big cracking fire of the vines and dead plants that we raked up in the back yard and the whole neighborhood would be

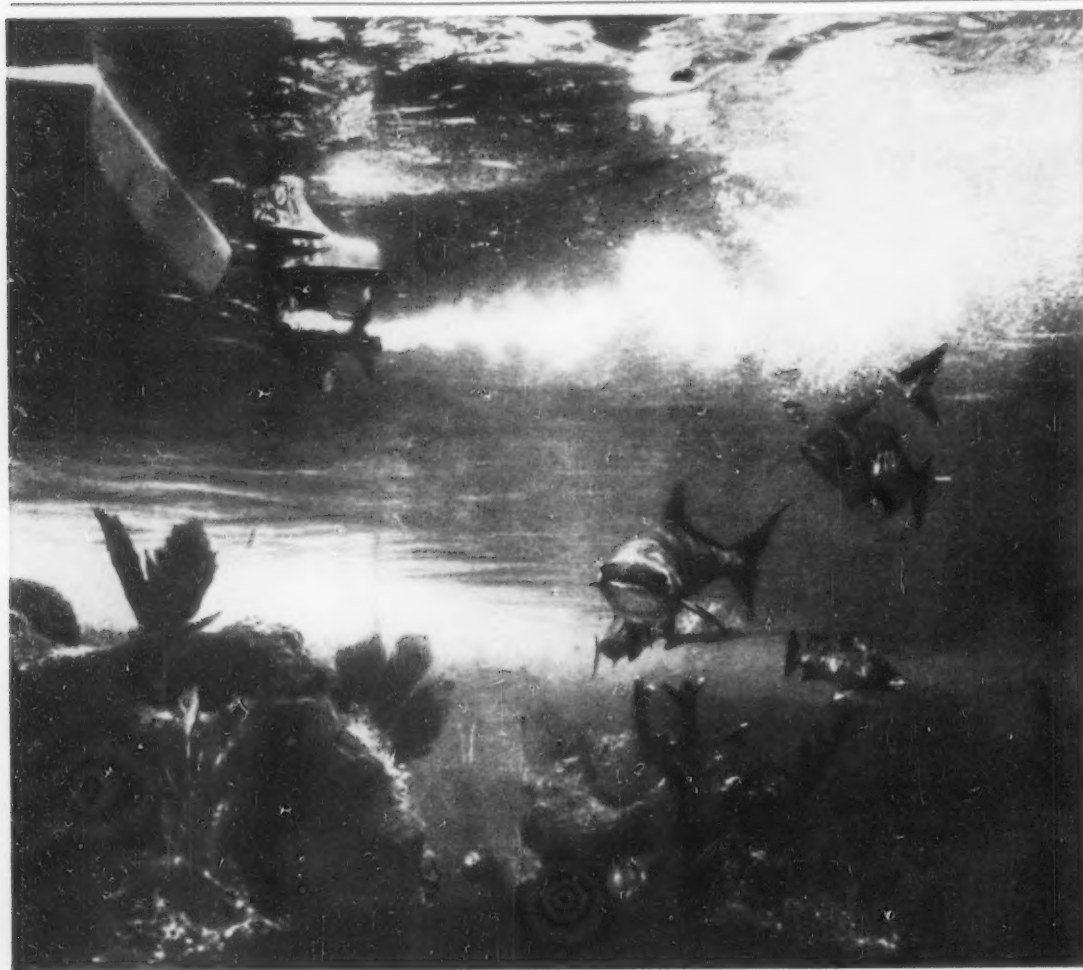
veiled in the smoke from fires of burning leaves. It was a melancholy time of the fall for me, with days when the world seemed lit indirectly by footlights and the trees looked silent and stricken and the only things untouched by the pale yellow sadness were the grey squirrels scuttling noisily over the leaves trying to bite one another. It was probably my first intimation that all exuberance mellowed, and the bright promises of summer turned into soft punk.

Each fall my parents used to take my brother and me for the last visit of the year to friends in the country who would meet us with a buggy at a place on Kingston Road called the Halfway House, which I always thought was about halfway to Montreal until last year, when I got some gas near there and was almost ready to accuse the owner of the service station of moving the whole district into Toronto when I wasn't looking. My brother and I would take turns holding the reins and experiencing something very like electricity from the horse as we whipped along at about eighty miles an hour past corn fields and patches of tattered sunflowers, green squash, and pumpkins gleaming among sheaves of wheat.

We'd have a day of playing with the black and orange kittens that hopped like fleas in and out of a cedar hedge, and when nobody was looking, startling chickens into indignant shrieks. We'd crunch over fields of stubble and roam rocky pastures of milkweed and thistle, wild mustard, asters and goldenrod. We listened to bobolinks and sometimes got a good look at a fat rust-bellied groundhog or a jack rabbit that burst out of the brittle grass. But the best were the rolling open fields that for me, when I was down a hollow that hid the horizon behind tall grass, became prairies, over which I pushed farther and farther west before winter—and the threat of scurvy and my frightened followers—forced me to turn back to Fort Frontenac.

We'd poke our heads into root cellars full of turnips and steal a bit nervously into the golden cave of the barn, which smelled just like the inside of a Quaker Oats box, and sit in the steel saddles of binders and hay rakes. We'd reach over a manger and grab the warm, slippery horn of a cow and scatter like quail when she reeled in a couple of feet of rattling chain halter. And sometimes we just stood listening to the horses eat oats and the ancient sound of hooves thumping softly and we'd try to imagine what it was like living there when we weren't there. Everybody should stand inside a stable at least once a year.

When the nights closed in and got murky and the street lights came on before supper, there were corn roasts in the crusty autumn woods, when the whole world smelled of fallen leaves. On Hallowe'en we gathered after supper and roamed around looking out at a strange dark world from inside a papier-mâché false face and peering in at the candles that slowly cooked the tops of pumpkins. The neighbors' kitchens would be awash with water as kids in bowlers, burnt cork and bed sheets bobbed for apples in wash tubs, and often there would be big noisy, crowded house parties that included miscellaneous aunts, uncles and grandmothers. Parties like that



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seem to have gone out of fashion among the kids who come to my house, tell me they're going to be engineers and then ignore me for the rest of the evening while they just sit on the edge of chairs going steady.

We played blind man's buff, pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey and musical chairs. We tried to sink our teeth into apples that dangled from doorways on strings, our hands behind our backs and tongues lolling. We asked unpopular girls to dance. I gather that if a boy did that today he'd be stoned. Every now and then you'd even ask somebody's mother to dance, and she'd give a yelp of delight and you'd struggle around earnestly with this great, noisy, sturdily cosseted, laughing mountain of good nature. It was not only good manners and good for your character, but good exercise.

When the roofs were pink and silver with frost in the mornings and the stoves were lit and kitchens were heaped with piles of green peppers and cucumbers and peeled tomatoes for canning, I started taking piano lessons again, and to this day I'll always connect certain of the classics, especially Liszt's Liebestraum, with the smell of chili sauce and with the mood of a certain kind of dark, wild, windy fall night when I used to cross Withrow Park to the home of a piano teacher I once had, who was always one of my favorite adults.

Adventure in the cellar

He was a short, chunky, pale-faced, excitable man with a shrill, high-pitched voice in which he sang off key, who used to get strangely agitated when his wife appeared in the living-room doorway to listen to us, resulting in some action-packed scenes that were more in the mood of a Wagnerian opera than Liszt's Song of Love, with me crashing hopelessly through that loud part, the metronome ticking, leaves whipping wildly past the window, Mr. Byrd siapping the top of the piano more and more loudly as I not only lost the tune but lost the time, singing Song of Love like a banshee and screaming at his wife without losing a beat: "One! . . . two! . . . go away Alley! One! . . . two! . . . go away Alley!"

Fall was the time for home projects, like drawing a picture of a mink or playing down the cellar. I often wonder where kids play now when the dark fall nights close in on today's homes with the oil furnace tucked primly in separate rooms and the cellar so neat you can see every corner. You would have needed an archaeologist's permit to find a corner in our cellar, but it filled an empty spot in our psyches like fall oats in a grain bin. We made forts and castles out of the kindling wood that was dumped into the fuel bin. We used to get inside the empty sacks for no particular reason except to see what it was like to get inside a sack. There were old bookcases, hats, umbrellas, alarm clocks, trunks, a telescope, a collar box and a set of false teeth my father got somewhere from a dental mechanic. My brother and I used to put them in and go upstairs and grin hideously at my grandmother.

My father had a jeweler's blowtorch he used to let us use. We'd melt sealing wax with it and turn it down to a hot little wedge-shaped blue flame and make nails red hot and burn holes through my father's bench until he saw us and asked us what the Sam Hill we wanted to do a thing like that for. There

was always something down our cellar that we hadn't seen before, if we moved enough lumber to find it.

We were always finding books we didn't know we had. We'd drag them out from behind the furnace or from behind a rack of lumber and old table legs and take them over and show them to my father. He'd stop work then and there and with his blowtorch in his hand, start reading about Ancient Greece or The Animals of India and say he hadn't seen that book for years although he knew it was around somewhere,

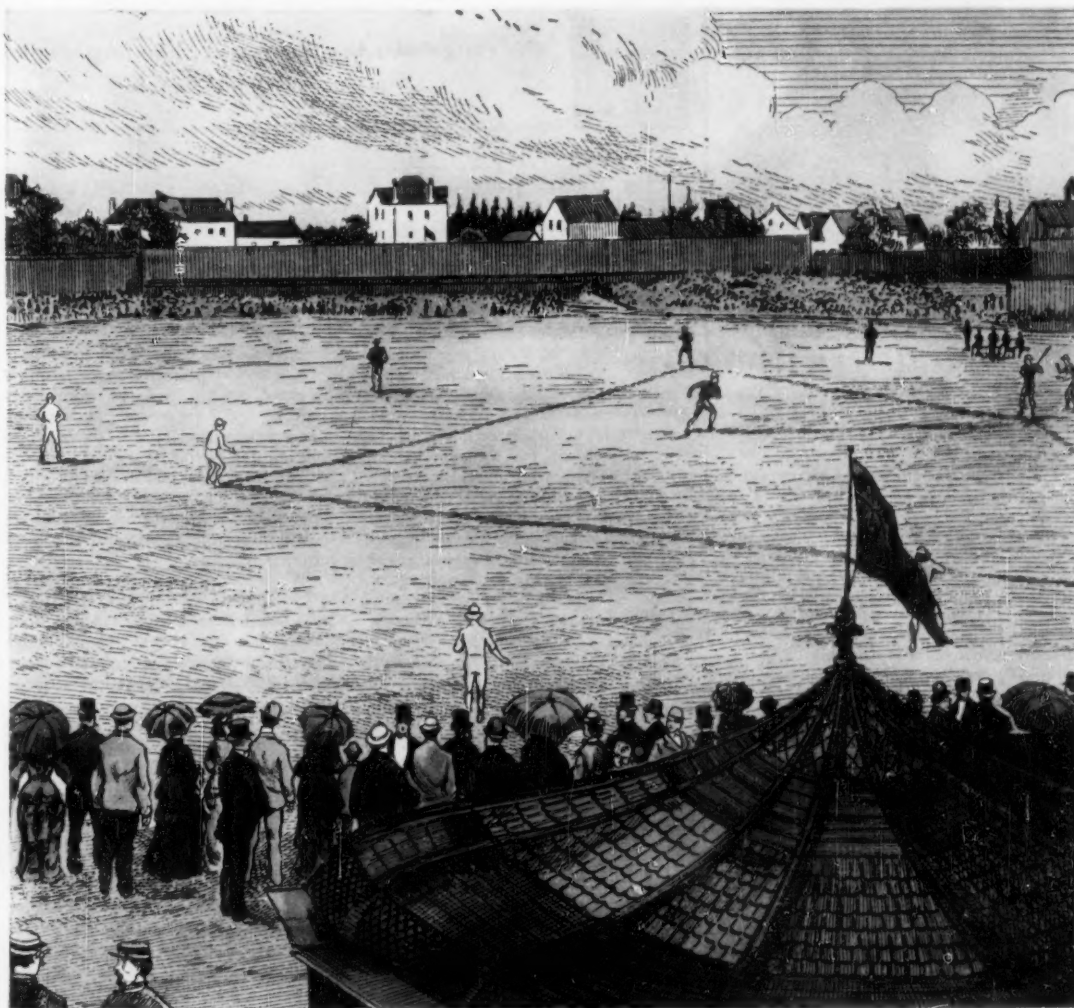
which was the truth, for at our place anything that didn't melt or evaporate was still there, either down the cellar or up in the attic, where we took everything when we tidied up the cellar.

The last event of the fall was helping to put up the storm windows. The bay windows in the upstairs bedroom went on from the veranda roof and the last one hung from a hinge so that we could get back in the house. But I always used to sit there for a while before I went in, watching the people go up the street without them knowing I was

there, which gave me a peculiar feeling of omnipotence, especially when I'd watch Mr. Pickles who used to come up the sidewalk looking about ten feet ahead and smiling faintly, thinking perhaps of his native Kent, where he said they had real robins, not the crows with red breasts we call robins, and wishing he were back there, with me sitting up there on the roof, my fingers half frozen from the juice of a snow apple I took up for sustenance, watching him, silent, invisible and seeing everything he did, like God. Then, every fall we'd

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troop down to see Eaton's Santa Claus parade and often by then the first snow would be driving down from the north like salt and outlining the dead leaves in pearl grey, and Thanksgiving, when there seemed to be something missing from the turkey dinner because it wasn't Christmas. I always had a feeling that we shouldn't be having it at that time of year and felt vaguely uneasy that adults could so offhandedly upset the eternal order of things.

The more our lives began to centre around the home the farther away we seemed to be able to get in imagination with books. I remember reading *A Tale of Two Cities* in the fall, curled in a chair over the dining-room hot-air register, and right now I just need to think of the sound of someone shaking the furnace and I'm back on the dusty roads

of France, meeting Madame Defarge, seeing that broken wine keg, reading again: "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness." Sometimes I think I might try taking a whiff of coal gas before turning on TV and seeing if I can get back the feeling of a world full of adventure.

And it was the best time of year to read the wildlife stories that made up a big part of my boyhood, my thoughts reaching out over the fall woods to the white-bellied deer mice in grass as dry as shredded wheat, muskrats coasting the icy edge of creeks, a fox teaching her young to hunt under the cold autumn moon, or curled in a den with her ears twitching listening for the first snow. You could see them all the more clearly when you were snugly indoors in the fall. ★



The rough-and-tumble world of penny stocks

Continued from page 23

"The good promoter has ice water in his veins. He's closemouthed and he never gets emotional"

up paper profits of 30-odd million. Joe Hirshhorn, a Latvian-born graduate of Brooklyn's slums, can show profits of 60-some million. "If I were twenty years younger," he once said, "I'd own half of Canada."

Most companies who want exploration money turn to a Bay Street promoter. He buys a block of the company's stock, often with options on more, then sells it at higher prices on the exchange or through a broker in what is called "over-the-counter" sales of "unlisted" stock. When his selling results in an over-supply the price drops. Now the promoter "accumulates"—that is, he buys the stock back cheaply for another "distribution" at higher prices.

One well-known promoter sold stock in three unlisted companies, bought it back at bargain prices, merged them and sold stock again. Again he bought it back, applied for and got a TSE listing, and sold it for the third, though not the last, time. "Merchandisers of paper," a financial reporter describes this type. "They buy wholesale, create a demand, mark their merchandise up and sell retail."

"The good promoter," says Norman Albert, of Timmins & Co., brokers, "knows exactly what he's got. He's close-mouthed. He never gets emotional. From 10 o'clock to 3.30 he's got ice water in his veins. He's tougher than a Florida real-estate man."

He needs to be. He operates under strict rules. Before he can list a stock on the TSE today he must reveal its cash, holdings, plans, options, officers. He must file an engineer's report to show he has an ore body. There must be enough money in the company's treasury to sink a shaft. He must report any change in control or assets. Even his profits are restricted. The public is carefully protected—as long as they know how promoters work.

The promoter's primary instrument is the mechanism of news: the mining press, the industrial press, the daily papers, which print more news of mining than of any other industry, the "tip sheets," letters of market advice sold weekly by subscription, brokers' bulletins known as "promotion sheets." "Most promotions

are tied to news," says Norman Albert. "If you don't get continued news it falls flat."

Some promoters try to buy news space with "calls." They tell a reporter they'll hold him a few thousand shares of a stock at, say, thirty cents. If he mentions it in his paper and the stock goes up to forty, he can buy in at thirty, sell at once for a profit, or hang on in hope of a killing. The few reporters who yield to temptation may not even distort the news but they do gild the promotion with optimism.

"We have a firm rule that none of our staff is allowed to take calls on a stock," says The Northern Miner's editor, John Carrington. "We believe we pay them enough that they're removed from temptation, but if not they're fired immediately."

When metals are high-priced and money is plentiful, drill-hole results gleam like gold in newsprint across the country. Now "the promoter buys to start it moving," says Randolph Reynolds, Bay Street investment adviser. "If it sags he buys again. As the public comes in he sells his shares."

Sometimes a promoter simultaneously buys and sells the same stock. Or he makes a deal with a colleague to buy as he sells and then they reverse roles, ending up even. This is "wash selling," creating a false activity on the ticker tape without any change of ownership in the stock.

"That's collusion," points out broker-promoter Joe Hackett. "It's illegal. It's criminal. Such a promoter should be kicked out. He's lowering the standard of the exchange. A reputable broker wouldn't take a chance. He's bound to be caught. The exchange can always check buyer and seller."

On August 6, 1957, the stock of Aconic Mining, extracting iron from sand on the shore of the St. Lawrence River, fell from \$11 to \$1. Six weeks later the TSE suspended trading in the stock. In two subsequent trials, Ontario Securities Commissioner Oswald Lennox has tried without success to convict its promoters of wash selling. "Each time," he says, "it's



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resulted in a hung jury. As one of the jurors told me, 'Well, the public didn't get hurt.' It's one of the most difficult problems in the business."

A promotion may also get a push from the freelance investment advisers who write the market letters known as tip sheets. The writer of one popular letter swears he's been asked "to front for just about every promoter in town." Another well-known adviser was on a promoter's payroll for years before he began writing market letters. In 1958 his former employer left Toronto and coincidentally the adviser went out of business.

An adviser can lose his license if it's proved he accepted calls or recommended a stock he owns himself without printing that fact. "I've put about sixteen out of business," Commissioner Lennox says, "but there's always a new one applying for a license. They come in here and I ask them six simple questions. Some don't even know what 'yield to maturity' means. I say, 'I don't like to refuse you, but would you like to withdraw?' and most do." ("Yield to maturity," a common brokerage term, refers to the value of a maturing bond.)

In 1953 a Toronto ex-alderman, Robert Colucci, went on the air with "the inside story of what is happening on the Street." "Look for action in the New Brunswick camp this week," he said. "Watch for the advent of . . . Maritimes Mining Corporation and Bathurst Mining Corporation." For advising on stocks without a license he was fined \$500.

This Bathurst, N.B., strike was a highly successful promotion by Matthew James Boylen, a buoyant burly scrapper who ran away from home at twelve and parlayed a prospector's license into a string of mining companies. In 1952 he flew from Toronto to New York to try to raise a million dollars. In his briefcase he carried a map that showed what G. S. McKenzie, professor and part-time geologist, thought was a big lead-zinc deposit. With the million in his pocket Boylen told his Wall Street backers, "Kiss your money good-bye—you'll probably never see it again," and flew to New Brunswick to drill eleven holes as the map instructed.

He found nothing. Discouraged, Boylen sunk one last hole. Its values were sensational: 28,000 tons of lead-zinc-silver a vertical foot. Boylen swore his men to secrecy while he staked 900 claims in the names of some of his 24 companies. Then he broke the news in *The Northern Miner*.

The market ran wild. Speculators rushed into brokers' offices in New Brunswick waving \$20 bills. The ticker tape ran twenty minutes behind sales. In one day Boylen's New Larder U traded 1.2 million shares. From twelve cents it shot in less than a month to \$2.65. Boylen sold shares in his companies, as one broker puts it, "like toilet paper." He organized Brunswick Mining & Smelting and offered its shares at \$10. Traders promptly bid them to \$21.75.

Brunswick was the sole fruit of all this activity. It has now outlined what may be the world's biggest zinc-lead ore body, 58 million tons, and Boylen says building a smelter awaits only higher metal prices. Yet Brunswick now sells for less than \$3.

It is here, on the first drill holes, long before the mine is brought in, that the big speculative money is made—and lost. Willroy, a zinc-copper mine since 1957, now \$1.45 a share, sold for \$4.25 when production was still three years away. Merrill Island, now \$1.16, brought \$4.65 in 1956, two years before it became a copper producer. Three years before it became a working mine, Anacon Lead,

another Boylen promotion, now 75 cents, sold for \$5.70.

Boylen asserts that "there's never any effort on our part to promote. We don't use literature to create a false demand. We give the news from the ore bodies to the public and the press and that creates the demand. When the demand is there we take advantage of it to fill the treasury."

There are two kinds of promoters: those who want a mine, and those who want only to mine the public purse. "Some wouldn't know what to do with a

mine if they found it," says Ozzie Lennox, who had two Bibles on his desk before someone stole one. "If I were to retire and get interested in the market, seven out of ten issues would go in the basket as soon as I saw the name on the prospectus."

"There are a lot of chiselers," says Viola MacMillan, president of the Prospectors & Developers Association. "All they do is chisel, chisel, chisel. If they're in on the roll that's all they care about. When that last big boom was on a lot of good guys didn't get a penny. It was all

sucked off by guys out for a fast buck. They're not the mine-makers. They're not the developers."

Broker Joseph Hackett, one of the shrewdest, most active promoters on the Street, says: "I've never put our stock up on nothing. You've got to protect your reputation. If you're scrambling, everyone knows you're scrambling."

"If the money's legitimately spent the investor has had a run for his money," says Viola MacMillan. "Some companies only let you have one run. If there's anything left in the treasury they live



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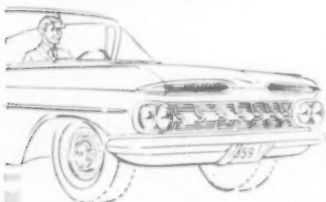


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off it. Or they sell some land to the company for five times what it's worth and the first thing you know there's nothing left. Other promoters will go on and try again and again and give you many runs for your money."

In 1947 a little northwestern Quebec producer called Hosco Gold Mines closed down because of rising costs. Its stock had slumped from a dollar to eight cents. Says one of its promoters, broker Malcolm Moysey, of Hevenor & Co., "I sat and looked at a bank loan of \$95,000 with my name on it. Only a lucky sale of equipment took me off the hook."

Hosco now became New Hosco. It issued and sold more stock. Then it bought claims near Eldorado in northern Saskatchewan. Its price rose to 68 cents. It fell to 13 when the drill brought up nothing. It rose again to 50 cents when the company went into Chibougamau, a mining camp in northern Quebec. Again the drilling proved unsuccessful. "We bought it all the way down from 50 to 12 cents," says Moysey. "We bought it because no one else did. We felt an obligation. We were loaded to the gills with worthless wallpaper. About a quarter of a million shares."

The company now bought some claims in Mattagami, in northwestern Quebec, and a geophysical survey in 1958 gave them a map with a red arrow on it. "Drill there," the engineer said, "and you'll find a mine." Moysey was unimpressed but to keep the rights required some work so he okayed two drill holes and went fishing.

As he brought his boat into his dock his wife, hair blowing, was waiting. "They've hit it," she called excitedly.

"Hit what?" Moysey asked.

"Hit fifty-seven feet of three-percent copper."

Incredulous, Moysey phoned engineer Bill Hosking. It turned out to be seventy-seven feet of four-percent copper. The stock had been selling at 10 cents. By the close of trading June 30 it was 45 cents. The next trading day it opened at \$1.05. Ten minutes later Moysey's telephone rang. "Have you gone crazy?" a TSE official demanded. "They thought maybe I was creating an artificial price," Moysey says. "I explained what our drill core had shown."

New Hosco's upward surge set the market on fire. A half dozen neighboring companies climbed from a few cents to a dollar. Trading a half million shares each, they helped set a new TSE record: 15,836,680 shares sold in one day. On its second drill hole New Hosco hit \$7.25. "We were sitting on a keg of dynamite," Moysey says. "We could have had another Noranda, a Geco."

The third hole was a failure. The stock fell to \$4 and kept sliding. (Now, with an ore body outlined, it sells for about ninety cents.) "My telephone rang from morning till midnight," says Moysey. "Women called me from all over the country. They abused me for spreading false rumors. They said when they saw my name they thought it would be an honest run. I said, 'I never told anyone to buy it or sell it.' I sold half my own shares on the way up. But one of our other directors bought on the way up, and he's out quite a lot of money."

The promoter plies a risky trade. If he falls ill, takes a holiday, runs short of cash, bearish traders pounce upon his promotion and sell it short; i.e. sell stock which their brokers borrow for them and which the bears must replace—at a price they are betting will be lower.

Sometimes the bears knock a stock down with rumors. Lou Chesler's General Development Corporation dropped

\$18 this spring on rumors that the Securities Commission was going to investigate it, that a news magazine was writing an exposé, that threats had been made on Chesler's life. A promoter went into hospital for a check-up recently and a rival started a rumor that he had heart trouble.

"We have to watch that our ticker isn't used for manipulation," says Ken White, of the Dow-Jones Company, which sells a wire news service to brokers. White had a call last June from a man who said, "This is Pat Hughes, president of New Mylamaque. Our negotiations for new capital have broken off."

New Mylamaque was then at its high, a target for bears. White asked the man for his number and the telephone company traced it. The call came from a phone booth on Bay Street.

The bears sometimes outsmart themselves. One bearish promoter shorted New Hosco at just over a dollar and took a \$50,000 loss when it kept on rising. Another left town, inviting the bears to sell his promotion short, only to find that he held so much stock they couldn't borrow any to cover their positions. They had to plead for terms with the promoter.

Joe Hirshhorn sprang a classic bear-trap in 1936. Geologist Douglas Wright had come to him with a story of gold in a burned-out deserted mine called Preston East Dome. Its stock, selling for less than five cents, was sometimes used on Bay Street to make change in poker games.

Hirshhorn put up \$25,000 and Wright's drill hit gold. The stock went up on rumor. As it rose Hirshhorn bought. The bears jumped in jubilantly. Hirshhorn continued to buy, ending up with most of the floating stock. Unable to buy to cover their short sales, the bears took a costly beating.

Secrecy is everything

A successful promotion often depends on a next-to-impossible secrecy. Secretaries who type the drilling reports phone boy friends at coffee break. Promoters send planes to see what a rival's engineer is up to. They plant spies in each other's drilling crews and engineers have to send their communiqués out of the bush in code.

"Everyone's trying to master-mind this thing," Malcolm Moysey says. "The drillers look at the core. They guess it as three percent. They drop their drills and run to the telephone. By the time the stories hit the Street they're exaggerated three times over. But the boys on Bay Street don't want to miss a bet so they get in. The stock jumps up. The core's assayed. It's one and a quarter percent. So the stock falls out of bed."

"You sure can lose," says broker John Rogers, partner in Doherty Roadhouse and a once-in-a-while promoter. "Suppose copper looks hot and you underwrite a copper stock to the tune of \$300,000, and copper falls off five cents. You're likely to lose your shirt. I know a promoter who's just filed in bankruptcy—all his deals went sour. I know one of the biggest dealers in Toronto whose firm is owned by the bank. I remember Irving Isbel. He made and lost three fortunes. Deke Wells, a wonderfully charming guy and a good promoter, also died broke. A promoter should promote before the property is drilled. If he doesn't the chances are he'll end up owning a hole in the ground."

But as the promoter sells his stock he is haunted by the spectre of what his drill may reveal. In 1954, Consolidated Denison, a little thirty-cent prospect,

was drilling near Blind River. Its promoter, Stephen Roman, a prewar immigrant from Slovakia, sold as its price rose to a dollar. Then his drills proved up the biggest uranium mine in the world. "Steve had to sit on the news," a friend said, "while he scrambled and bought his stock back."

This happens rarely. "Out of three or four hundred tries, out of all the money we've raised," says Joe Hackett, who has raised tens of millions of dollars, "I think there have only been five producing mines." Few promoters depend for profits on their drill striking pay-dirt; they depend on their skill in arousing anticipation of a strike. Yet every promoter with mining in his blood dreams of a big one.

"I remember Jack Coghlan," John Rogers says. "He's dead now, a big lovable Irish prospector turned promoter. He bought Bouzan at thirty cents, got it up to fifty and sold. It kept on going up and he kept watching it and finally he said to me, 'I was a stupe to sell it,' and he bought it back at \$1.50 to \$2. He had the stock coming out his ears when the bottom fell out. He went broke on it. The guy believed in his own promotion."

The cardinal rule of promotion is: never marry your own deal. "If you get out, stay out," says a promoter. "You've spent your money trying to find ore. You've got no results. So the stock falls. But you're out. You've made your profit. You're looking for another deal. If you always did that you'd always have money. But you don't."

Jack Hammell, fabled Paul Bunyan of Bay Street, broke the rule consistently and won. When his stock touched a new high on the exchange he showed no interest. "I never sell if I can help it," he once said. "I'm in everything I go into to the end. All that matters to me is what happens in the mine. That's what counts. The amount of gold you can wring from Mother Earth."

Hammell won his stake as a "dark-room fighter," fighting blindfolded in a dark room, a California pastime of the Nineties. He hated the kind of promoters he called "share-pushers." When one tried to rent a home near his suburban Toronto estate he went to the owners and said, "If you rent your place to that blank-blank share-pusher I'll turn my grounds into a skunk farm and the house into an orphan asylum for Negro and Chinese children." The owners decided not to rent.

Hammell went broke eleven times and each time climbed back. An energetic soldier of fortune with a muleskinner's gift for profanity, he once dictated for 36 hours using four secretaries, and in between shifts recuperated by standing on his head, a bit of Yoga he picked up in India. He married at 81 and died last year at 82. In his will he decreed that his Pickle Crow mine was not to be sold to a broker.

"Brokers are only interested in money," agrees Jim Boylen, who says he has brought in eighteen ore bodies. "I always take the first gamble. We spend several million dollars on a property before the public is asked to put money up."

Boylen has been hailed by Lord Beaverbrook as "the father of mining in New Brunswick." Newfoundland's Joey Smallwood has publicly blessed the day he "invited M. J. Boylen over." "You need the promoter," Boylen argues. "You need him to raise the money for the kind of property big companies won't touch. It's those moose pastures that come through that make mining what it is in Canada. I love to see the drill holes coming in and the promotions. That's what it takes to make mines." ★



Is our system of child adoption good enough? continued from page 17

"If only we could suspend religion for a while — just until we place all the children"

phone, and then visit the agency. After a get-acquainted session, sometimes in company with several other couples, where you can ask all your questions, you're assigned your own caseworker, usually a girl hired out of college for seventy or eighty dollars a week. The agency checks only references you give them, but usually wants your clergyman, your doctor, your bank and character and job references.

Since these are all references you've chosen, they tend to be good. The caseworker depends far more on interviews with the couple together, the husband and wife separately, and visits to their home. She may ask if the baby will have his own room; why you want to adopt; how you like your job; what your own childhood was like; what you expect of the child and what you hope to do for him; if you're unable to have children of your own, how you feel about that. Do you want a baby so you can be "like other people"? Are you just trying to hold a faltering marriage together?

Certain things can disqualify you right away. Single persons are rejected because there aren't enough children to go around; so are those with heart disease, tuberculosis or cancer. People over forty aren't usually considered as adoptive parents except for an older child. By law in most provinces, candidates must be at least twenty-five. The financially irresponsible, the obviously immature or neurotic, and the alcoholics are automatically weeded out as soon as their condition is detected. After this, however, the agency still has a surplus of worthwhile applicants.

The Canadian Welfare Council, a national clearinghouse for welfare information, has no exact idea how many children are in care — in institutions or foster homes — at any given moment. Probably twenty-five thousand. How many of these are adoptable? The definition has widened enormously in the last decade, to include children previously considered "too old" or too seriously handicapped. Most applicants still want healthy infants and about ten thousand of these are available.

Since only nine thousand are placed by agencies in a year, there would seem to be enough to go around. But most available babies are Roman Catholic and most applicants aren't. By law or by tacit understanding, depending on the province, adoptive parents must have the religion of the child's natural father, or its mother if she's unmarried. Except in the Maritimes, where the balance is a little better, four Protestant families apply for every Protestant infant. Catholic agencies have four children for every home they can find. For every Jewish child there are twenty applying couples. This means that, while Catholic children go begging each year, eight hundred Protestant or Jewish couples are turned down; another two thousand give up and withdraw applications; and thousands more wait in line. Jewish couples have been accepted and then waited five years for a child.

Every social worker I saw, including the Catholics, deplored this imbalance. Miss Marion Murphy, of the Canadian Welfare Council in Ottawa, herself a Roman Catholic, told me about a nun she knew who was so distressed by the surplus of homeless Catholic children that she said

wistfully, "If only we could sort of *suspend* religion for a while — until we placed all the children — and then go back to it."

Roland Hennessy, adoption supervisor for the Catholic Children's Aid in To-

ronto, says, "As a professional, I believe a child is better off in a home, as long as the home teaches some religion, than in the best of institutions. As a Catholic, I perfectly understand the church's position."

This position was set out years ago in an adoption trial in Boston by Judge Walter Considine: "Not even the (natural) parents have the right to deny an immature child who has been baptized a Roman Catholic the privilege of being

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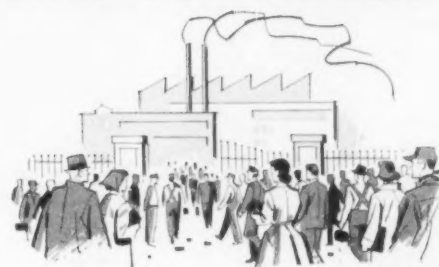
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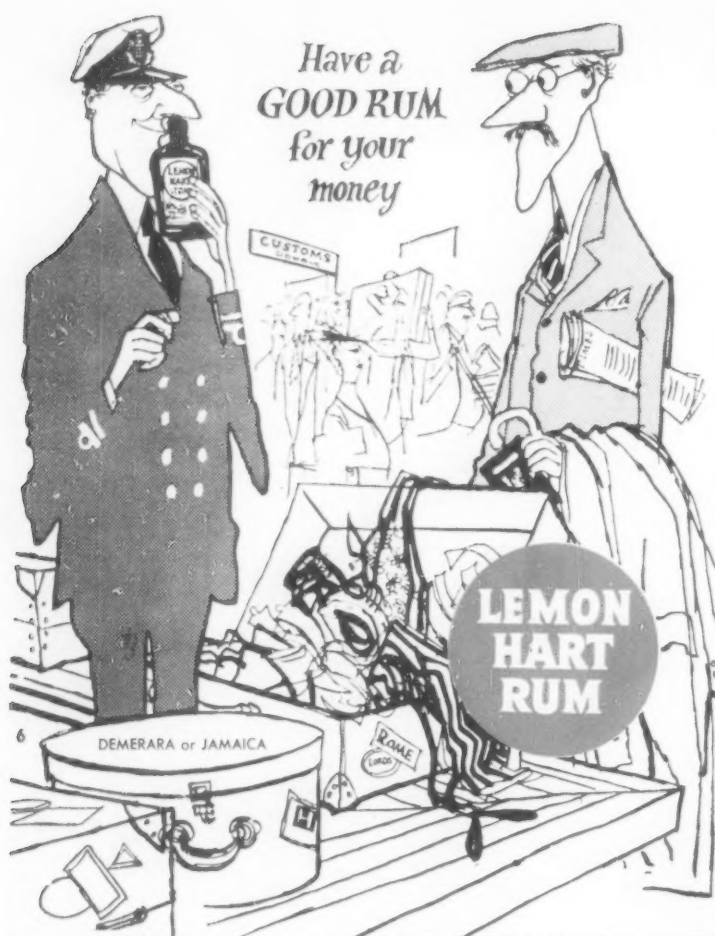


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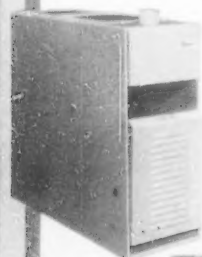


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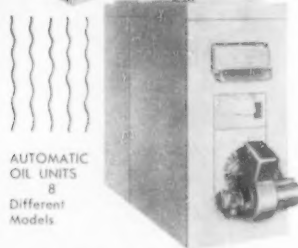
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reared in Catholicity." Even where it isn't recognized by provincial statute, this principle is observed in practice by Canadian agencies.

In Ottawa last year, an unmarried Catholic mother consented to have her child adopted by a Jewish couple because she knew the baby would wait a long time for a Catholic home. This was perfectly legal but when I asked William Bury, director of Ontario's Child Welfare Department, if he thought the Ottawa case would be a persuasive precedent, he said succinctly, "Not a hope in hell."

In Quebec, practices are further complicated by a law that says only illegitimate children may be adopted unless both parents are insane or dead. A four-year-old whose parents were married but who abandoned him at two weeks is forever "unadoptable" in Quebec and he spends his childhood as a ward of the Children's Aid Society. Not long ago, the Protestant society in Montreal placed such a boy in Ontario, which is legal. He went to a previously divorced couple who had been rejected by the Toronto agency.

Agency people concede, in the light of the maze of regulations, that the system of adoption isn't as good as it could be some day; their critics charge it isn't even as good as it ought to be right now.

Dr. Daniel Cappon, an associate in the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Toronto, who also happens to be the psychiatrist of the rejected radio announcer referred to at the beginning of this article, thinks current agency practice is worse than useless.

He allows that the agency's problem arises from something it can't control — "religious discrimination for the illegitimate, unborn child"—but he asks, "How do they decide the fitness of prospective adoptive parents and, especially, on what criteria do they reject them? They have no sensible criteria."

"A better, more equitable system would be simply first come, first served. All applicants go on a list. When your name gets to the top of the list you get a child whether a social worker likes you or not. An agency's judgment in rejecting couples is exactly like the sentence of a court, with one unhappy difference. There's no avenue of appeal."

Dr. Raymond Keeler, another Toronto psychiatrist, thinks too many social workers have that dangerous attainment, a little learning. "They tend to know a little, rarely enough, about genetics, psychology and physiology," he maintains. "For instance, when I was asked to see a boy having trouble learning to read, he was preceded by a social worker who spent half an hour telling me all about the boy's 'emotional block against read-

ing.' I asked him if the boy were left-handed because this often means the child is also 'left-eyed,' a simple cause of reading trouble. That, the worker didn't know, I found it was the trouble."

Public opinion of the agencies among laymen seems to fall into two small groups and one large one. Successful applicants, not unpredictably, think all caseworkers are fine. Mrs. Gertrude Evans, of the Vancouver Children's Aid Society, who has been placing adopted children in West Vancouver for years, fell seriously ill. About a hundred adoptive parents bought her a portable television set and the card was signed by all their children. Half the furniture in the new headquarters of the Protestant Children's Aid Society in Montreal was contributed by grateful adoptive parents.

Unsuccessful applicants are resigned, resentful or rabid. One forty-five-year-old woman, turned down by a Montreal agency on the ground she wanted a child to fill a neurotic need of her own, called her ex-caseworker to say, "Well, you're not as smart as you think you are. I'm getting a baby my own way, never mind how, and you can go to the devil. Good-bye!"

The rest of the public, including applicants who haven't yet been successful or rejected, are rather wary. An image of social work as a profession hasn't altogether supplanted the outdated image of the "district visitor," a condescending, upper-middle-class spinster meddling in the lives of the poor.

Every Tuesday evening at the Protestant Children's Aid in Toronto, in a long room off a long corridor, about a dozen couples exchange first looks with two women, professional social workers. This is the get-acquainted session. The agency has already checked just the easy things like the applicants' religion; if they were Catholic or Jewish, for example, they'd have been referred to other agencies.

One evening the Children's Aid let my wife and me sit in. If you've ever experienced the courtroom hush just before a major trial, you have a clue to the atmosphere. We all sat down stiffly around a long massive table, the two workers at either end. Miss Evelyn Roberts, the plump, jolly little woman who heads the adoption department, began chain-smoking to prove it was allowed but she smoked alone for at least half an hour. I'm almost certain I was the only man in the room who hadn't shaved at dinnertime.

People gradually unbent and asked questions: What do you learn about your baby's real parents? Answer: All the agency knows. Does the real mother know who you are? She's told what you're like but never who you are. Once you're accepted, how long do you wait?



"I think you've gunned it hard enough, sir."

It varies widely but averages nine months. After you get the baby, how long before it's yours? By law probation lasts at least six months; in fact, it could be a little longer. Can the real mother ever get the baby back? No, a final adoption order, properly signed by a judge, has never been upset. The upsets you hear about occur in badly handled private placements, where the adoptive parents have nothing but a so-called consent, signed by the real mother.

One woman finally asked in a clear, silvery contralto: "What would make you reject the application?" Whether they knew it or not, there was a statistical probability one of these couples would be disappointed.

Miss Roberts could hardly be faulted for answering with generalities about good health, a good marriage and a happy home. The alternative would have been time-consuming, a lecture on social work, the shortage of children, and all her agency's criteria. Except for good health, a good marriage and a happy home, these criteria aren't precisely on all fours with those of other agencies. Standards, methods and provincial adoption laws differ.

In Montreal, both Protestant and Catholic agencies say they invariably tell a couple the truth about why they were rejected, even if it hurts. In most other agencies, many couples are given a spurious reason and may never learn why they were really turned down. Miss Anne Adler, of Toronto's Jewish Family and Child Service agency, says, "It's not our function to tinker with the marriage. Suppose we find the wife is actually terrified of adopting. Ought we to tell her husband?"

Workers in larger agencies, most of whom are university-trained professionals, say they aren't unduly perturbed if an applicant has been divorced or has been treated by a psychiatrist. Smaller agencies in smaller centres, which don't always have professionally trained personnel, are quite frankly leery of such persons.

F. C. Promoli, executive director of the Children's Aid in Guelph, Ont., where only twenty-five children of all religions are placed annually, puts it this way: "We realize some couples who have been previously divorced have stable marriages and can be successful adoptive parents. We don't always reject for this reason. But the 'home study' with such couples may require more developed skills than are sometimes possessed by caseworkers without professional training. So we tend to reject at first inquiry. The same with a person who's had psychiatric treatment — he may be perfectly all right but we may not have the background to decide."

The Protestant society in Toronto has more than twenty workers for about seven hundred placements a year; the Protestant society in Montreal makes five hundred placements a year with eight workers. Montreal caseworkers are unwilling to spend months with a couple who won't make the grade, so they discourage the doubtful applicants early. They finally reject only a handful. In Toronto, they look them over longer. Eighty-two couples had to be turned down by the Protestant agency last year even though another three hundred backed out voluntarily.

It's usually thought desirable to match the intelligence of the child with that of the parents, even though only the crudest tests of infant intelligence are available. It's sometimes assumed a baby will inherit roughly the intellectual level of the natural parents. Roland Hennessy, the supervisor at the Toronto Catholic agency, told me proudly of placing a "high

average" baby with a university professor and his wife. Miss Winona Armitage, superintendent of Child Welfare Services for the Manitoba government, is just as proud of a successful placement with a Winnipeg professor, "even though the intellect of that baby's mother can only be called 'borderline.'" She feels intellect is only one of many factors, and in every other way the baby and the parents are a good match.

Most small agencies and a few larger ones still try to match physical traits, like the size and coloring of child and parents,

even though most professionals see this as less and less important. David Weiss, a chunky, handsome bear of a man, who's executive director of Montreal's Jewish Child Welfare Bureau, says it couldn't matter less what people look like. "As long as they feel alike they're a family."

Applicants themselves often insist on certain traits. (You can get a laugh in any gathering of social workers just by saying, "Blond, blue-eyed girl, less than a month old.") In some agencies, such insistence only means you wait a little

longer. In others, you're courting rejection out of hand, because the agency wonders if you really want any baby or if perhaps you're trying to duplicate a baby that has died.

The Protestant agencies in both Winnipeg and Montreal have placed Negro children with white families while most other agencies wouldn't dream of it. Some insist on a doctor's testimony that a couple is physically unable to have children. Others don't bother.

All these details, removed from their larger context, suggest that selection prac-

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tice in Canada is a mare's nest, contradictory, inconsistent, even capricious. In fact, the area of agreement is larger than the area of disagreement, but it's vague, not as precise. Every caseworker and supervisor talks long and easily about what they do want in a parent; they answer briefly, almost inarticulately, when asked what they don't want, or for reasons why they reject.

They aren't, by the way, necessarily looking for rich people. Fifty percent of adoptive parents in urban centres have incomes between four and six thousand

dollars and it's lower in small towns and rural areas.

Talking of other desirable characteristics, agency people all use strikingly similar language, words like "unselfish, flexible, accepting, outgoing, warm, responsible, mature and loving."

"For instance," Evelyn Roberts told me, "during an interview with one couple, it came out casually that they'd recently lost a thousand dollars because neither had read the fine print in an offer to purchase a home. They'll never make the same mistake again but they were able

to laugh easily about it. Neither blamed the other, I liked that."

All these qualities seem desirable but rather abstract. Are the caseworkers skilled enough to identify them and do they really result in successful adoptions? The only way to answer meaningfully is to study performance methodically. Social work, however, is short of three things, money, personnel and up-to-date statistics.

Dr. E. J. Rosen, psychiatric consultant to the Protestant agency in Toronto, is just beginning a twenty-year study of the

relative success of placements where the natural parents were mentally ill but as far as he knows it will be Canada's first.

Dr. Donald Brieland, a Chicago psychologist, has just completed the first study ever made in North America of how consistently and uniformly social workers apply their standards. One hundred and eighty-four social workers from twenty-seven agencies took part: "The findings are not of an order to create complacency," Brieland remarks, "but neither are they grist for the detractors of modern social-work practice."

Tape recordings of five interviews with couples actually applying for children were played for the participating social workers. They were asked their impressions of the couples' attitude toward children. Over the whole experiment, the social workers were in agreement three quarters of the time. Even this much disparity must be hair-raising for anyone considering applying for a child. Brieland suggests shopping different agencies but in a given Canadian city there's only one agency you can try.

Commenting on the study, Miss Adler, of the Toronto Jewish agency, says, "It represents one worker's decision in a controlled experiment. Actual decisions are made by more than one person. A worker may get so attached to some couple, or even so hostile, she loses objectivity. That's why there is a check on her."

Miss Roberts, supervisor at the Toronto Protestant agency, says: "This study shows our adoption practice needs improvement. We do keep trying to discuss our work with each other so our judgments will be as consistent — and as fair — as possible."

Dr. Rosen, the Toronto agency's consultant, is on the side of the social workers who, he thinks, haven't the respect they deserve as professionals, especially from psychiatry, another infant discipline that's in no position to criticize others. "I'm a psychiatrist," he says, "and I certainly would not suggest I'm as competent as they are to make an adoption placement. At this stage, in the infancy of adoption practice, different people are looking along different avenues for the answers. So are cancer researchers. The inescapable fact is that someone has to do some kind of selecting until more children are available."

More children have been available since the provinces began campaigning — even using want ads in Ontario — to find parents for hard-to-place children, the older, handicapped, even epileptic. An applicant to the Sackville, N.B., Children's Aid, wrote: "The little fellow needs a home even if he does have fits."

This has resulted in no relaxation of standards. If anything, agencies are even tougher when placing these children with special needs. "So they should be," says Dr. Keeler. "They're playing with fire by placing children like that. Even eighteen months as an infant in an institution, lacking a 'mother figure,' will do a child literally irreparable psychological damage. It's a harsh line to take, but I believe illegitimate children ought to be placed within weeks or not at all."

Nevertheless, every year more people want to take a chance than can qualify or be accommodated. When Chatelaine magazine published an article about a homeless, five-year-old girl with a hare-lip and cleft palate, she was easily placed; the agency had a response of two hundred letters from which to choose. One couple mailed a snapshot of themselves and their eleven children. They wrote, "We always have room for one more." ★



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London Letter

Continued from page 12

come to an end. Never again will he preside over those impromptu debates in his shop or unpack our suitcases in an adjoining room when we have to change to evening dress for some special occasion.

Now, on the larger stage, what will be the verdict on this parliament which has now run its course? What name will history give to it? It might well be called the Parliament of Climax and Anti-Climax. The ultimate historian may decide that it was the Fateful Parliament.

In April 1955, Sir Winston Churchill went to Buckingham Palace and asked the Queen to relieve him of the premiership. There need be no suspicion that her expression of deep regret was a mere automatic act of courtesy. All through his premiership Churchill had maintained close contact with Her Majesty and always consulted her in matters of senior appointments. Their affection was mutual.

According to custom the Queen asked Churchill whom he would suggest as his successor, and there was no hesitation on Churchill's part. "Your Majesty," he said, "I recommend that you send for Sir Anthony Eden." Lord Salisbury, as leader of the Tory party in the Lords, concurred. Thus was Eden summoned to the palace, where he became the prime minister — Her Majesty's first servant of state.

Churchill vs. Salisbury

There was universal sorrow at the resignation of Churchill but there was an immense wave of good feeling toward Eden, the new prime minister. A brave soldier in World War I, the elegant ambassador of good will who journeyed to countries that had been ravaged by the Kaiser's war, a brilliant foreign secretary in the second war and the second peace.

Hardly had he reached home from the palace and arranged to move to No. 10 Downing Street when he announced a general election. He was returned triumphantly to power as a man who had critics but no enemies.

But the malignant fates and the midnight hags of ill-fortune had wearied of Prince Charming. He had been in office less than two years when the Suez crisis broke upon his government. Here was an issue of such violence that it would have tested the stamina of the most robust. Unhappily, Eden was anything but that. He was a sick man whose body could no longer sustain his ardent spirit.

We need not linger on the attacks he had to meet nor need we debate the rights and wrongs of Suez. It is sufficient to say that Eden came under the orders of his medical advisers who told him that he must choose between his office and death.

So he went once more to Buckingham Palace where only a short 21 months before he had become prime minister. Eden had entered the twilight of the gods.

Once more Her Majesty had to choose her chief minister of state, and once more adhering to protocol she summoned the Marquis of Salisbury, the head of the

mighty family of Cecils and leader of the conservative party in the House of Lords.

"I ask you to advise me on the successor of Sir Anthony Eden," said the Queen.

Without hesitation the head of the Cecils said: "I advise you, Ma'am, to send for Mr. Butler."

Nor need there be any doubt that Salisbury made a strong case for his nominee, R. A. Butler, and was confident that the writ of the Cecils would prevail.

And it was just there that the Queen decided to play more than a mere auto-

matic, traditional role. Against all protocol she sent for Sir Winston Churchill who no longer held any position of authority and technically had no more right than any other MP to advise Her Majesty.

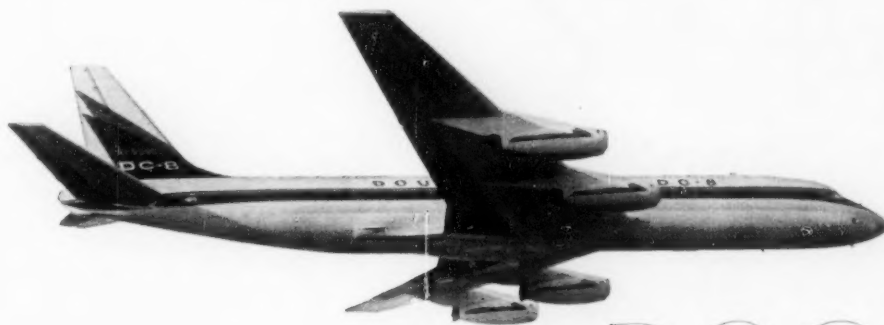
I have no knowledge whatsoever of what happened at that secret discussion at the palace — but it is easy to guess. The mighty Churchill, whose family glory comes down in a straight line from the Duke of Marlborough, had come into direct conflict with the Cecil family, who had more or less governed Britain from

the days of the first Queen Elizabeth.

The newspapers, next morning, said Churchill had persuaded the Queen to send for Harold Macmillan. Later Salisbury resigned the leadership of the House of Lords.

The King is dead! Long live the King! Eden had retired to the realm of twilight, and Salisbury was sunk without trace. Macmillan went to the palace, kissed hands and came away Prime Minister.

At last we felt that with the fierce drama of succession at an end we could get down to the business of looking



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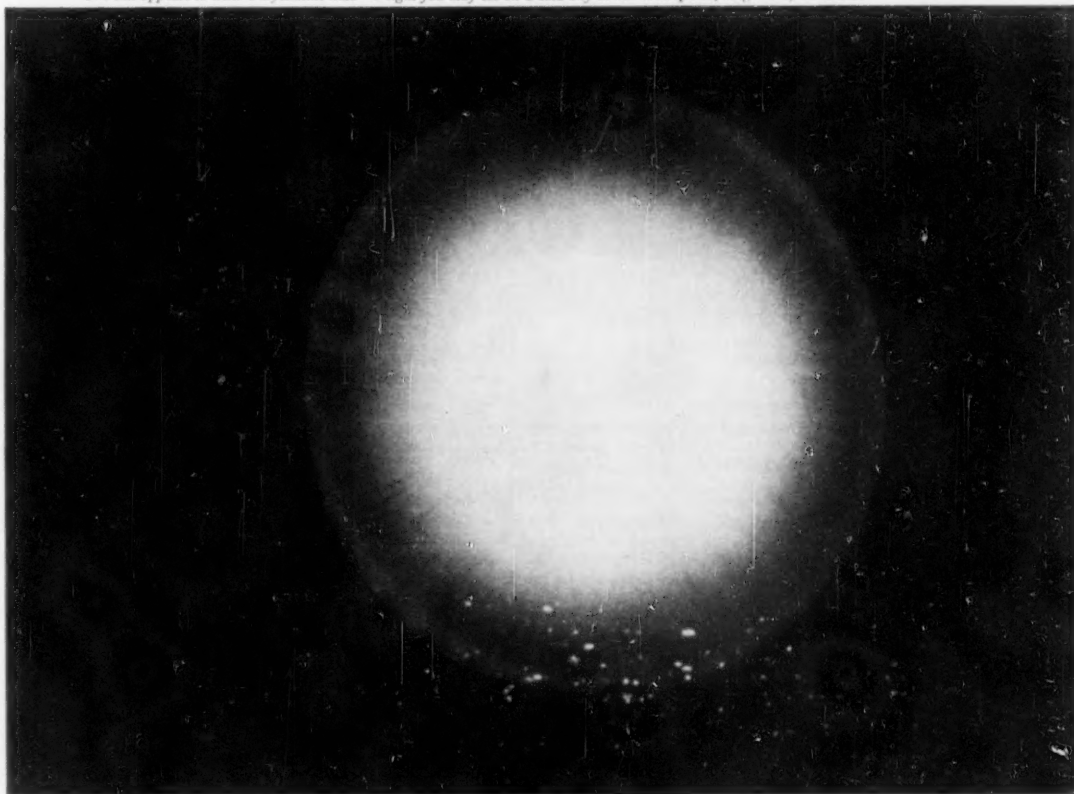
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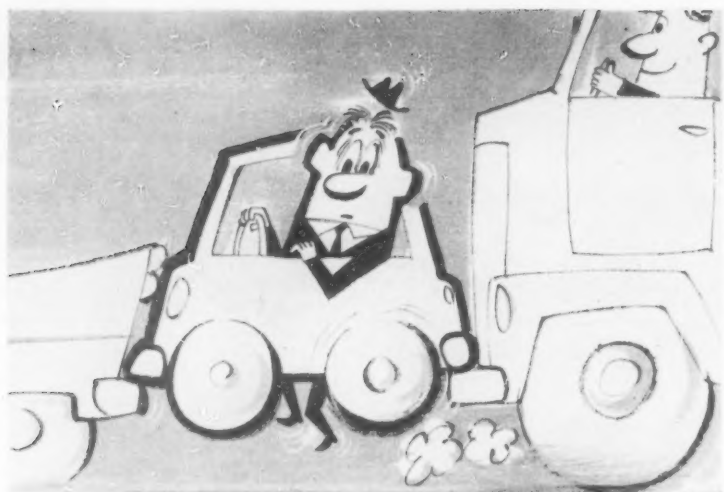
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after the nation's affairs. The only doubt in our minds was whether Macmillan had the qualities which supreme office demands. He had been a remarkably successful Minister of Housing but had a brief and unimpressive career as foreign secretary.

It was not long before the test came in a most dramatic form.

Macmillan had announced that he was about to make a tour around the commonwealth so as to make personal contact with the governments of the commonwealth and empire. But as the time of departure was imminent he was faced with a direct challenge by Peter Thorneycroft, the chancellor of the exchequer, and the two junior finance ministers.

Thorneycroft had decided to make a cut in the national contribution to the welfare state, and according to custom he had revealed his plans to the prime minister. "I cannot accept it," said Macmillan, or words to that effect. "The saving is not important enough to justify the irritation and discouragement that would come out of it."

Whereupon the youthful chancellor resigned and so did his two junior ministers. Definitely, Macmillan was on the spot. Here was a crisis which might well bring down the government.

Would Macmillan cancel his tour? The wise boys said that the question answered itself. No prime minister, not even an inexperienced one, would take wing in such a situation and fly to distant scenes. They were wrong, Macmillan is not only a man of courage but he also possesses a high sense of showmanship.

Sharp on schedule he soared into the skies and was off to distant scenes. But before he went he made the surprise appointment of the almost unknown Heathcoat Amory as chancellor of the exchequer. Macmillan was not only prime minister and leader of the Tory party — he was the boss.

As the months passed Macmillan was so daring and so much the boss that he won the nickname "MacWonder."

But that was not all. Against considerable opposition he went to Moscow. For the first time it seemed possible that the free world and the Communist world could live side by side even if both of them slept with a bomb beneath their pillows.

And then for no particular reason the British parliament became a weary and even boring assembly. Perhaps it was because we had passed all necessary legislation and there really was not enough work to do. Even the public gallery ceased to hold its attendance. Canadian and Australian visitors in the public gallery looked down on us and wondered what we were talking about — and why.

"If this continues," said a wag in the smoke room, "we'll have to take the show off."

Yet this strange parliament rose to greatness at the very end. The debate on the report of the Nyasaland rioting brought a tremendous two-day struggle in which brilliance, controversy and eloquence lit the chamber with a splendid glow.

So we come back to our beginning. What name shall we fasten upon this particular Parliament which has entered upon its sunset?

I believe that for all its faults and its boredom it will be known as the Fateful Parliament. It was strong when strength was needed. It brought conflicting world forces to recognize that nations of different political creeds can work and live together.

So let the bells ring and let us hear the sonorous shout: "Who goes home?" ★

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

30 years in the wilderness = one book

There's an old saying that all you have to do to be an author is apply the seat of your pants to the seat of a chair. Don't believe it—even if the chair is in front of a typewriter.

To write a soon-to-be-published book called *Three Against the Wilderness*, one chapter of which appears in this issue of Maclean's (We were trapped by a forest fire, page 28), Eric Collier had to spend more than three decades living his story. An Englishman who abandoned a career at law to settle in northern British Columbia, he built his own cabin, became a trapper, married a girl who is part Indian, had a son who now helps him with his traplines. He has been snowbound, seen a moose attack his wife, seen his son pursued by timber wolves, and, of course, has been trapped by a forest fire.

Yet the experiences that turned Eric Collier into an author were no more trying than those that did the same thing to Mordecai Richler, a young Montrealese whose new novel, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, will shortly be published simultaneously in Britain, the U.S. and Canada.

Richler, who went to Europe when he was twenty, determined to be a writer, lived in England on eight dollars a week so his meagre nest egg would stretch over the period he figured he'd need to complete a book. In a two-year stint at writing, he earned a total of ten dollars.

Meanwhile, belt tightened and cheeks hollow, he had to resist the taunts and persuasions of relatives who felt he should be in real estate, insurance, clothing, groceries or, indeed, any business but writing. But he did resist and *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, his fourth novel, seems destined to establish him as a major author. For a generous sample of this unusual and controversial book, see *The World of Duddy Kravitz*, page 18. This is the first of two long excerpts Maclean's will publish.

The byline of a new member of the editorial staff of Maclean's appears for the first time in this issue. It is that of Robert Walker, 29, who wrote *Is our system of child adoption good enough?* on page 15. Walker, who speaks and writes French almost as fluently as English, worked on newspapers in



Collier



Richler



Walker

Quebec City and Montreal after graduating from the University of Toronto. He is married, has one child—a daughter—and came to Maclean's from Canadian Printer and Publisher, another Maclean-Hunter publication.

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Parade

School bells go for round one

A motorist in Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., pulled up obediently at the signal of a school-crossing guard. Then he noticed there were two youthful guards on duty, one marching to meet the other and his convoy of little charges in the middle of the street. But he further noted that one guard also handed over the cigarette he was smoking to the other lad, who puffed his way back to the curb and returned it on his next trip.

* * *

A family moving into a new Montreal suburb on Labor Day were overwhelmed by the courteousness and eagerness to help of the five sturdy young sons of the family next door. When the neighbors were discovered to be recent arrivals from Germany the Canadian couple said to each other knowingly, "Hah — that's sound Teutonic discipline for you!" Early next morning, first day of school, they noticed the German father line up his brood on the front lawn with a few short words of command, and the Canadian couple crowded the window expecting to watch a well-drilled session of family physical jerks. Then as the lads all snapped to attention in their fresh white shirts and neatly pressed pants, the proud father produced a camera and snapped their picture.

* * *

Autumn is a glorious season but in Western Canada the blizzard warnings were out before summer ended. Adilman's department store in Saskatoon,

of which all the members help one another, are always happy and love each other all the time?" A little girl in the front row brightened, flapped her arm excitedly, and chirped knowingly, "The Plouffe family."

* * *

Few teachers have gone back to their blackboards more confidently than the woman from this side of the border who now, having married a Texan, finds herself facing pupils in a Dallas school. What did it was a note from a seven-



year-old: "Dear Mrs. R ———: I think your the best arithmetic teacher I have. And for a Canadian I think you speak the best English."

* * *



Sask., was advertising a mid-winter sale in early August. And one day while the temperature stood at 101 in Winnipeg a motorist found himself stuck behind a truck on the rear of which was a sign: "Detour — standing by to thaw frozen hydrants."

* * *

We trust a sister is back at her first-grade post in a Quebec City school, despite the shattering experience she suffered just before school closed. Teaching her class about the mystical body of the church she enquired, "Can anybody tell me what is the name of the large family

All went well on opening day in a school in Red Deer, Alta., right up to dismissal time when teacher chose a boy and girl who had been in the same junior classroom the previous year to lead the class safely out of school. Bobby got the boys out all right, but you can imagine Margaret's mother's surprise when she looked out the parlor window to see her daughter firmly leading fifteen other little girls up the front steps and into the house.

* * *

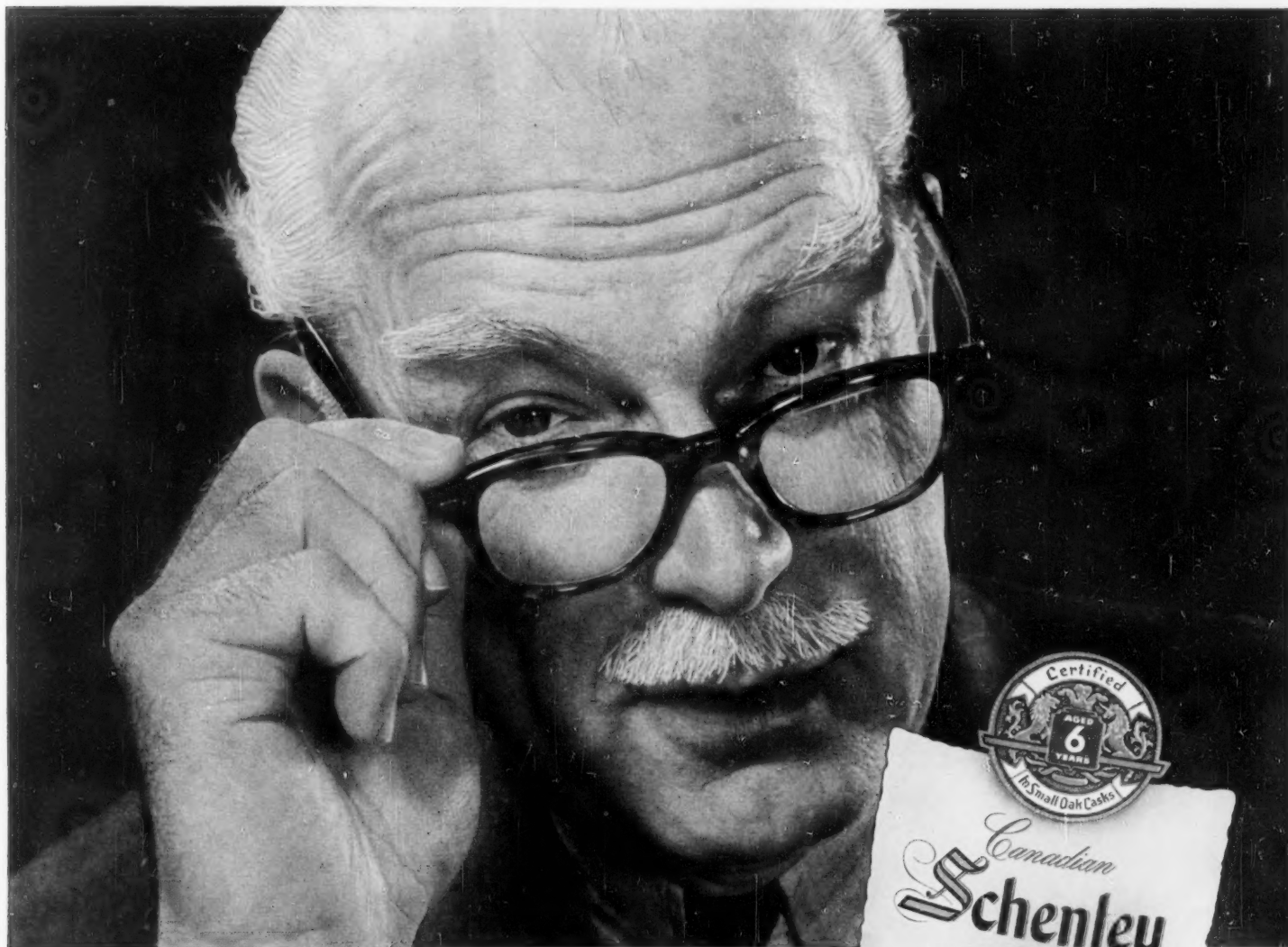
School bells are ringing, as teachers again take up the unequal struggle between pedagogue and pupil, not to mention the PTA. One newly retired principal is sitting happily at home in Edmonton, however, reflecting that never again will he get into trouble with the Home and School Association for keeping a little brown jug — which looked like a whisky container — on his desk. Why, the fuss didn't die down until the school board issued brown Betty teapots instead, to be used in all schools for refilling ink wells.

PARADE PAYS \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 26, 1959

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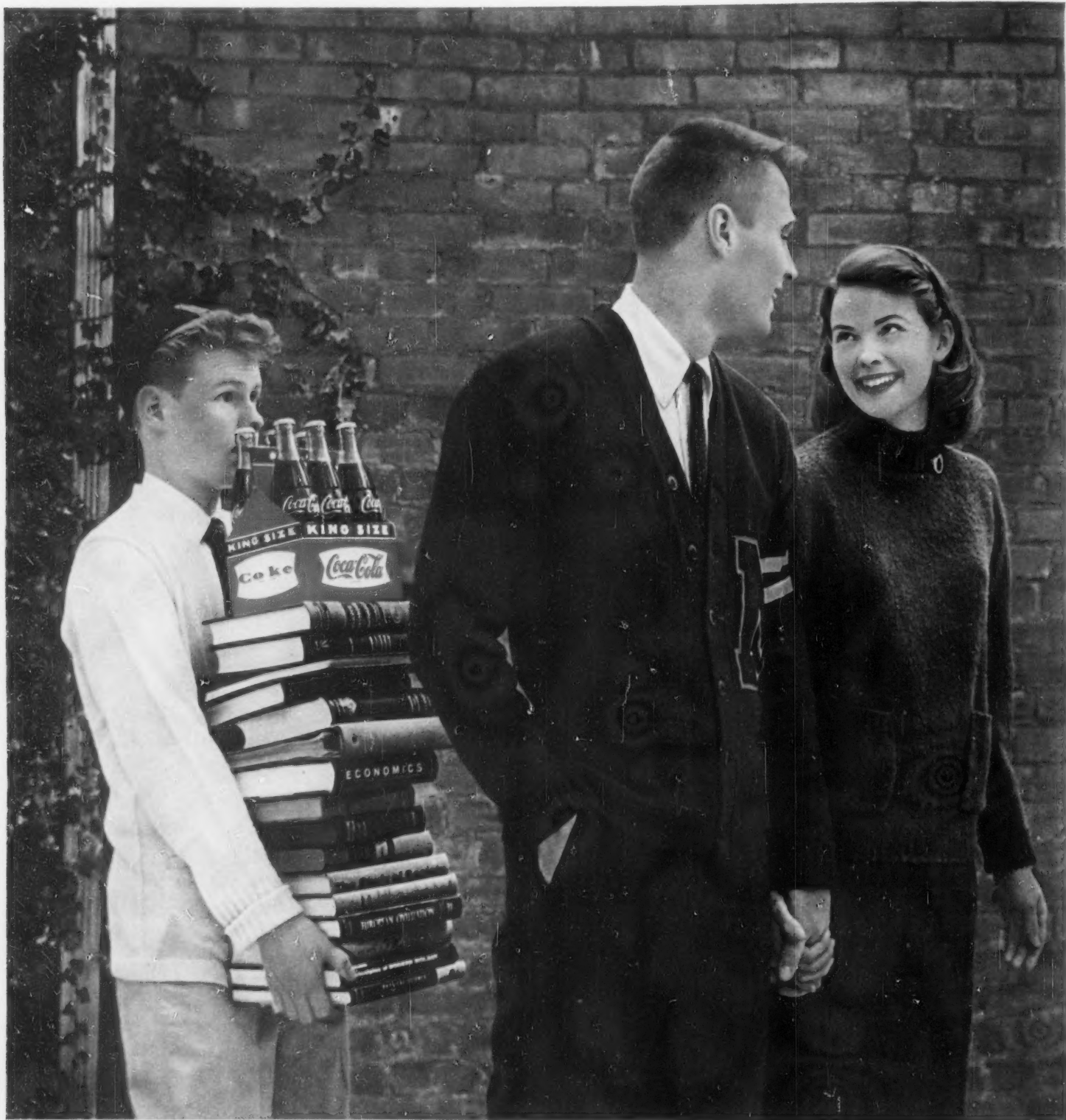
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